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LAUGH AND BE MERRY.

Laugh and be merry, remember, better
 the world with a song,
 Better the world with a blow in the
 teeth of a wrong.
 Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread
 the length of a span.
 Laugh and be proud to belong to the
 old proud pageant of man.

Laugh and be merry: remember, in
 olden time,
 God made Heaven and Earth for joy
 He took in a rhyme,
 Made them, and filled them full with
 the strong red wine of His mirth,
 The splendid joy of the stars: the joy
 of the earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the
 deep blue cup of the sky
 Join the jubilant song of the great
 stars sweeping by,
 Laugh, and battle, and work, and
 drink of the wine outpoured
 In the dear green earth, the sign of
 the joy of the Lord.

Laugh and be merry together, like
 brothers akin,
 Guesting awhile in the rooms of a
 beautiful inn,
 Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt
 of the music ends.
 Laugh till the game is played; and be
 you merry, my friends.

John Masefield.

DACTYLS.

Over a bright blue sea
 White gulls are lazily soaring,
 Out of a bright blue sky
 Is a light, that is heavenly, pouring;
 High in the air tall cliff,
 Sheer crag, sharp pinnacle towers,
 Only to-day no frown
 From their high brows gloomily
 lowers.
 Softly the smooth waves sway
 With peaceful, inaudible motion,
 Lightly the ripples afar
 Leap, laughing on limitless ocean.
 Where is the giant of old
 Who roared with a voice earth-
 shaking?

Weak as a pygmy to-day
 Is the light wave fitfully breaking.
 Praise we the wind's wild rage
 And the tempest's terrible anger;
 Fair is the peace of the sea,
 And the land's unchangeable lan-
 guor.

Praise we the war of the gods,
 Wan water eternally leaping;
 Fairest of all is the rest
 Of a dreamland drowsily sleeping.
J. A. Fort.

The Spectator.

COMMUNION.

When the light of morning breaks,
 When the sleeping east awakes,
 And the green hills' lofty summits
 rear their banner's flaunting
 sign,
 Lo, where gray mists stop to dally
 Go I forward through the valley
 And the spirit of the morning is a
 spirit one with mine.

When the morning's lady passes
 And above the tall hot grasses
 Noon arises, Noon the splendid, Noon
 the blazing, Noon the fair—
 When her fiery foot treads over
 Fields of corn and scorching clover,
 From the shade I reach my fingers for
 the glory of her hair.

When the partridge sounds its drum-
 ming
 Music, 'mid the insects' humming,
 And the pale moon halts her coming,
 peering through her cloudy bars,
 Then I wander on the hoary
 Cliff, partaking of the glory,
 The compassion of the night-time and
 the fellowship of stars.

Harry Fowler.

The Academy.

"THE WISE THRUSH."
 At dawn the thrush's theme is praise;
 Hear him in rapt, repeated phrase
Te Deum chant.
 A suppliant at set of sun,
Prie Dieu he pipes, in orison
 Reiterant.

J. Rudge Harding.

The Saturday Review.

AMERICA'S FOREIGN POLICY AND THE MEXICAN IMBROGLIO.

The United States have attacked Mexico for the flimsiest and most insufficient of reasons. The American Government seems about to sacrifice thousands, and perhaps tens of thousands, of American lives, and hundreds of millions of dollars, not because the lives or the vital interests of American citizens were threatened, not because a mortal insult has been offered to the people of the United States or to their flag, but merely because President Wilson and Mr. Bryan on the one side, and President Huerta on the other, could not promptly agree as to the exact form and manner in which Mexico should fire a military salute—a salute which Mexico had declared she was quite willing to fire. Never in the history of the world has there been a more trumpery and a more ludicrous pretext for war.

President Wilson and Mr. Bryan are not mediæval despots thirsting for blood, but are great democrats, pacifists, and humanitarians. They have times without number expressed their horror of war, and have often, and most eloquently, urged that all international disputes, even disputes regarding the most important national questions, should be settled not by brute force but by arbitration. Under these circumstances it is only natural that the world stands amazed at America's action. Of course, in case of a war one must carefully discriminate between its pretext and its actual cause. Although the United States have the worst possible pretext for war with Mexico, they have a good cause for armed interference in that country. No great nation can tolerate interminable anarchy and disorder on its very frontier. At the same time,

one cannot disguise the fact that the Americans themselves are largely responsible for the disorder prevailing in Mexico. However, as the United States had a sufficient reason for interfering in Mexico, it is a pity that they have chosen so wretched and so paltry a pretext for their action. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan have grievously blundered. They have discredited American diplomacy in both hemispheres. They have proved once more that eminent orators and party politicians are as a rule very poor statesmen, that no nation is more apt to drift into war than one which entrusts the conduct of its policy to moralizing pacifists and well-meaning sentimentalists.

The arbitrary and high-handed action of the United States towards Mexico, which seems altogether out of harmony with the established character of the great democratic republic, is difficult to understand for those who are unacquainted with America's foreign policy. It is therefore worth while to consider the Mexican war in the light of America's diplomatic history.

America's foreign policy, like the British Constitution, is not fixed, but is in a state of flux. It changes continually in accordance with the changing needs and conditions of the times, and with the changing moods of the American people. Formerly, when the United States were weak and poor, it was the principal aim of American statesmen to strengthen the country by promoting its trade and industries in peace. Therefore they desired that the United States should have no foreign policy, that they should act towards all other nations only according to moral prin-

ciples and avoid all contact with the Powers of Europe. Formerly it was quite correct to say that the United States had no foreign policy and that the American people were so much absorbed in opening up their new territories, developing their resources and quarrelling over the spoils of office, that they had no time to take an interest in foreign affairs. In his Farewell Address of 1796, his political testament, Washington laid down the principles of America's foreign policy in the following words:

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and Morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. . . .

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican Government. . . .

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign Nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *Political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop. Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote, relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships, or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a dif-

ferent course. . . . Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice? 'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.

The policy which Washington recommended may be summed up in two words: isolation and non-interference. Owing to Washington's prestige, and especially owing to America's need for peace and self-concentration, the Americans followed the policy recommended by Washington during a long time. But every healthy and growing nation endeavors, and endeavors rightly, to expand. The increasing strength of the Republic caused the Americans to enlarge their views and aims, and with these the boundaries of their foreign policy. Before the advent of the railway, the steamship, and the cable, when the United States possessed only a stretch of country on the Atlantic and were protected towards the west by the pathless wilderness of the Plains and of the Rocky Mountains, they occupied indeed a "detached and distant situation." But since then they have, in spite of Washington's warning, so frequently taken their "stand upon foreign ground" that many far-seeing Americans now question whether it is wise that they should any longer "steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world." At some moments in its history isolation becomes dangerous even for the strongest nation.

Many Americans believe that in foreign affairs morality and politics should go hand in hand, that American statesmanship is guided not by self-interest but by righteousness, that the "bosses," the wire-pullers, the lobbyists, and the "interests" control

only home politics and exercise no influence upon foreign affairs. In American books the United States are frequently described as "the great peaceful Republic" or as "the Empire of business," and these descriptions have only too readily been copied by European writers who are insufficiently acquainted with American history. But as a matter of fact, the great peaceful Republic has been engaged in a considerable number of wars, and the majority of these wars were certainly not wars of defence on the part of the United States. Furthermore, although it is supposed that the guiding principles of American diplomacy are isolation and non-interference, the United States have frequently interfered in the affairs of other nations, and with extremely satisfactory results to themselves. We read in Professor Bushnell Hart's *Foundations of American Policy*:

The history of the United States abounds in precedents of armed intervention and occupations, from which we may learn something of the occasions for such warfare, of the difficulties of the process, and of the method of administering the foreign territory after it has been seized. An examination of the United States shows more than sixty instances of actual or authorized use of force outside our national jurisdiction previous to the Spanish-American War. In about forty of these the military and naval force has been used or displayed; about thirty times there has been an occupation of territory, longer or shorter; in a dozen cases some of the territory thus affected has been eventually annexed by the United States. . . . The appetite for annexation of foreign territory is hard to assuage; and interventions having annexations in view are war and breed war. Interventions in conjunction with other Powers have so far been little known to our system—our experience in Samoa does not seem to commend joint administration

of Colonies; and the intervention in China has brought with it very alarming difficulties.

In the excitement over the territorial controversy with regard to Venezuela in 1895, people supposed that it was the most important and most difficult foreign question in which the United States had been involved, instead of one of the lesser American boundary controversies during the last one hundred years. Of the five thousand miles of our land frontier there is not one foot which has not been the subject of dispute, of negotiation, of treaty, and of subsequent investigation by Commissioners. Upon two thousand miles of frontier there have been mutual threats of war; one thousand miles the United States gained by right of conquest. To sum up in a sentence: Our national boundary history up to 1900 includes eighteen seriously contested areas, four military seizures, two wars, five other serious crises in which war was threatened, twenty-seven threats, three arbitrations, a dozen campaigns, besides uncounted despatches, reports and resolutions, bills, and Acts of Congress. Periods of "storm and stress" much more alarming than any in the present generation have many times come upon us.

The expansion of the United States can perhaps most briefly and most graphically be summed up in the following table which is taken from the United States Census Report:

	<i>Sq. Miles</i>
Original area of United States in 1790	— 892,135
Louisiana Purchase	1803 827,987
Florida	1819 58,666
Territory gained through treaty with Spain	1819 13,435
Texas	1845 389,166
Oregon	1846 286,541
Mexican Cession	1848 529,189
Gadsden Purchase	1853 29,670
Alaska Purchase	1867 590,884
Hawaii	1898 6,449
Philippine Islands	1899 115,026
Porto Rico	1899 3,435
Guam	1899 210

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Samoa	1900	77
Panama Canal Zone	1904	436

Total 3,743,306

Since the time when Washington penned his Farewell Address the area of the United States has more than quadrupled, and this enormous increase has been brought about rather by force and by threats of force than by righteous means and by fair purchase. Professor Coolidge wrote with commendable frankness in his book *The United States as a World Power*:

The Americans coveted the valuable and thinly settled Spanish territories which shut them off from the Gulf of Mexico. The conduct of the Americans was rough and high-handed, that of the Spaniards shuffling and dilatory. For years these controversies continued until they were ended by the sale, almost under compulsion, of East Florida to the young Republic. West Florida had been previously occupied by force. . . .

The desire to get new land for slavery was the main reason for the annexation of Texas, for the Mexican War, and for the attempts to acquire Cuba a few years later.

Similar opinions with regard to the way in which the United States have acquired vast new territories have been expressed by many of the most eminent Americans. General Ulysses Grant, for instance, wrote in his *Memoirs*, commenting on the Mexican War of 1846-47, in which he had taken part:

To this day I regard the war as one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation. It was an instance of a republic following the bad example of European monarchies in not considering justice in their desire to acquire additional territory.

Similar views on the iniquity of the Mexican War were uttered by American historians such as Rhodes and Schouler and by statesmen such as

Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, and Tyler.

By the means described by Professor Coolidge, the United States have acquired from Spain and Mexico more than a million square miles of territory. They have acquired vast territories from Canada. From the official record, *Foreign Relations of the United States in 1898*, and from Chadwick's *Relations of the Spanish-American War*, it appears that the war with Spain could have been avoided. From the official documents we learn that General Woodford, the American Minister in Spain, telegraphed to President McKinley "I believe the Ministry are ready to go as far and as fast as they can and still save the dynasty here in Spain. . . . They know that Cuba is lost. . . . If you can still give me time I will get for you the peace you desire so much and for which you have labored so hard." The American President wished to settle matters peacefully between Spain and the United States. Spain was willing to abandon Cuba peacefully. The Queen had offered to sign a document proclaiming the "immediate and unconditional suspension of hostilities in the island of Cuba." However, the American Congress and the American people thirsted for war. The Spanish-American War broke out owing to the irresistible pressure of public opinion in the United States. Ever since 1820 had the people of the United States desired to acquire Cuba. Proposals for the acquisition of Cuba were frequently laid before Congress, and from time to time American filibustering expeditions were sent to Cuba. The unrest in Cuba was largely due to American agitation in the island.

The Americans conquered the Philippines, when the Spanish-American War had come to an end, although the Philippines were doing the very thing with which Americans had been taught to

sympathize—striving to obtain their independence. The Americans fought the Spaniards in order to free the Cubans, and they fought the Philipinos because these wished to free themselves. The morality of the war against the Philipinos and of the acquisition of the Panama Zone is questioned by many in the United States.

The foregoing brief account shows that America's foreign policy has been animated not exclusively by high moral principles and by disinterestedness, but that it has been guided very largely by self-interest and expediency. American and European diplomacy differ greatly in profession, but they are practically identical in character and aim.

To the casual observer it seems that American foreign policy, like British foreign policy, is idealistic and humanitarian in words but selfish and high-handed in fact, that British and American statesmen, while claiming to be guided by the highest moral motives, are in reality solely guided by considerations of national advantage. The appearances of duplicity and hypocrisy, and therefore of perfidiousness, are inevitably found in the foreign policy of the Anglo-Saxon nations because of the curious duality of the Anglo-Saxon character. Englishmen and Americans are at the same time idealists and very practical business men. As idealists they love fair play, but as business men they love success; and fair play and a strong desire for success are, unfortunately, not always reconcilable in practical life. If Englishmen or Americans read in their paper that a strong nation has attacked a weaker one they hasten to hold indignation meetings and to pass resolutions calling for Government interference; and the Government, being a democratic one, has to obey and to send remonstrances to other nations,

whether it approves of that step or not. But if the same Government, at the bidding of clamorous idealists, should embark upon a costly and unprofitable war, the practical sense of the people would assert itself and hurl it from power. Therefore British and American statesmen will readily make representations to other countries to humor the sovereign people, but they will only reluctantly take action, especially as even a profitable war is condemned by many of those in whom idealism is more strongly developed than is business instinct. The Boer War was condemned by many patriotic Englishmen as strongly as the war against the Philipinos was condemned by many Americans. The peculiarity of the Anglo-Saxon character is its duality. Probably through the mixture of Celtic and Germanic blood there are blended in it idealism and selfishness, boldness and caution, generosity and meanness, heroism and cowardice. Englishmen and Americans are idealists not only in words but also in intention. However, their high-minded intentions are often defeated by their strong practical sense and by their sense of responsibility.

The political action of Americans is largely influenced by their patriotism. The American schools wisely inculcate a strong patriotism in the people. To the citizens of the United States America is "God's own country" and the Americans are "God's own people." They are nationalists, not cosmopolitans. Their principle is "Right or wrong, my country." They are a very young nation, and they are imbued with the optimism and the exuberant enthusiasm of youth. Therefore they believe that a special Providence watches over the welfare of the United States, and that it is their "manifest destiny" to absorb the nations around. Their former attacks upon Mexico, Spain, and other nations

may have been morally wrong, but then it was the "manifest destiny" of the United States to absorb and rule the Spanish and Mexican territories in North America. The Americans have undoubtedly inherited the land hunger, the love of danger, and the lust of power from their English ancestors, who, in their turn, have inherited these qualities from the ancient Normans. Most Americans have an irrepressible desire to make their country larger, believing that theirs is the highest type of civilization and that Anglo-Saxon civilization must prevail in the world.

There is no finality in political affairs. The growth of the United States has scarcely come to an end. Let us consider the directions in which they are likely to expand.

Cuba is nominally independent, but as it may not conclude with any foreign Power a treaty endangering its independence, as it may not contract debts for the service of which the current revenue would not suffice, as it had to concede to the United States a right of intervention and to grant to them the use of naval stations, it is clear that Cuba is in reality a dependency of the United States which possesses self-government only in internal matters. The United States have abstained from making Cuba a direct dependency for reasons of convenience, but the ultimate fate of Cuba can scarcely be doubted.

In their policy of conquest and expansion the Americans, like the British, are guided by a strong sense of caution. Therefore, they have so far wisely followed the line of least resistance, and they will presumably continue to do so. Their next advance will apparently be in the direction of Mexico and the Central American States north of the Panama Canal. The time seems to be approaching when not the Rio Grande but the Panama Canal will

form the southern frontier of the United States.

After the overthrow and death of President Madero all the Powers, except the United States, recognized his successful opponent, President Huerta. Mr. Wilson strongly objected to Huerta on ethical grounds. He objected to him because he had installed himself not by orderly means but by violence and bloodshed. He therefore demanded that General Huerta should resign, and that the Mexican people should freely choose a new President by an election in which President Huerta should not be a candidate. The demands which the United States addressed to Mexico were most extraordinary. After all, Mexico is not a protectorate of the United States, but an independent State, and it is Mexico's affair whom she chooses, or endures, as a ruler, and how she chooses him. Besides, President Wilson was not elected by the American people to act as a moral censor of the universe, or of the American continent, but to protect and promote the interests of the United States. As Mexico is a neighbor of the United States, as thousands of American citizens live there, and as immense American capitals are invested in the country, it is in the interests of the American citizens that peace and order should reign in Mexico, and that the country should be efficiently governed. The personality of the President, his moral character, and the way by which he has arrived at power are obviously of very minor interest to the American people who have interests in Mexico. Lastly, Mexico is a democracy only in name. As the Mexican people are not accustomed to go to the poll, it was clearly absurd to insist that they should select a President by those constitutional means which are used in civilized countries but which are unknown in Mexico. In that country majority rule is

not known, and changes of government are habitually effected by force. General Foster, an eminent American diplomat, who during many years was American Minister to Mexico and who at one time occupied the position of Secretary of State, wrote in his *Memoirs* published in 1910:

During my seven years' residence in Mexico I often visited the polling places at election days, but I never saw a citizen deposit a ballot, and rarely did I find any persons at the polls besides the election officers. An American merchant, who had resided many years in the city of Oaxaca and possessed the esteem of the people, in answer to my inquiries about the elections, said that one of the polling places was always held near his store, and that he generally passed most of the election day chatting in company with the officers of the Election Board. He stated that it was a very rare occurrence that any citizen came to the polls to vote, the only persons doing so usually being the officers of the Election Board, who went through the act with the most ceremonious gravity imaginable. Everybody understood that the elections were a farce. The officers "to be elected" were fixed upon by the Governor and a special circle, and the list was generally known before the election was held.

This defect in the exercise of the franchise is not singular to Mexico, but is common to the Latin-American countries with few exceptions. The want of education for the masses makes them indifferent to, or incapable of, an intelligent use of the suffrage, and the long revolutionary struggles which preceded their independence accustomed the people to the settlement of political questions by a resort to arms.

A short time before the immensely popular Porfirio Díaz became President, his opponent, President Lerdo, was "elected," practically with unanimity, while Díaz received only a single vote in Mexico City and a few dozen votes in the entire Republic.

According to General Foster, matters have little changed since then. The "diputados," although ostensibly elected by the people, are still nominated by the President, and the Election Boards publish more or less fictitious election results.

Mexico's difficulties are America's opportunity. The United States have always hankered after Mexican territory, and they have therefore habitually increased Mexico's difficulties when opportunity offered. In refusing to recognize President Huerta the United States destroyed Mexico's public credit. In consequence of the attitude of the American Government the financiers in the United States and elsewhere were reluctant to advance money to President Huerta's Government, and thus the Americans weakened not only its prestige but also its material power. The United States not only gravely hampered President Huerta's Government by refusing to recognize him, but they encouraged his opponents at the same time and furnished them with arms and ammunition. Thus they strengthened the revolutionary element and increased and perpetuated disorder and anarchy in the country in the name of morality and of clean government. In acting thus the Americans followed their traditional policy towards their southern neighbor. In 1877 Porfirio Díaz became President after a long and sanguinary struggle. He was an able and honest man, and all the other Powers speedily recognized him. Only the United States refused to do so, and they embarrassed him to the utmost. They recognized him only sixteen months after he had entered the capital and taken possession of the Government, and nearly a year after he had been recognized by the other Powers.

General Foster, who at the time was the American Minister in Mexico, has

told us in his memoirs that a scheme had been formed to bring on a war between Mexico and the United States. He wrote:

A scheme had been formed to bring on a war through the Texas struggle. Certain gentlemen, whose names were given me, and who were especially interested in the success of the administration of President Hayes, had conceived the idea that, in view of the tension in the public mind created by the partisans of Mr. Tilden, and of the disturbed condition of affairs in the Southern States, it would divert attention from pending issues and tend greatly to consolidate the new administration if a war could be brought on with Mexico and another slice of its territory added to the Union.

In the month of June two gentlemen arrived in Mexico bringing letters to me from Mr. Evarts, Secretary of State. Before coming to Mexico they visited Washington and laid before Mr. Evarts and others prominent in administration circles their plan, which was to put such pressure upon Mexico as would present to it the alternative of hostilities or the sale of some of the northern States of that Republic. They claimed that as Mexico was hard pushed financially, rather than run the risk of a war with the United States and his overthrow by the Lerdist party, General Diaz for a large sum of money would consent to part with the territory. They, with a knowledge of the language and of the Mexican territory, were to be the intermediaries through whom Diaz was to be approached and the terms of purchase to be informally agreed upon, after which the official negotiations were to be conducted.

Strange to say, their scheme was so far entertained that they were empowered in a purely unofficial way to approach Diaz upon the subject.

The interference of the United States in Mexico's internal affairs, their attempt to dictate to the Mexican nation how to select a President, their endeavor to enforce democratic

institutions upon a people, the vast majority of whom are illiterate Indians and half-castes, and the encouragement of the revolutionaries were more likely to create disorder than peace and order in Mexico and to make forcible intervention inevitable. That ought to have been clear to Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bryan, and their expert advisers when they embarked upon their course. At the same time their desire for intervention is understandable and natural. Mexico is a vast and very thinly populated country. It has magnificent resources, but its development has been greatly retarded by chronic misgovernment and revolution. The Americans, like the English, do not care to have a turbulent country for neighbor. They are anxious to create order in Mexico and are not averse from an increase in the territory of the United States. Consequently we may assume that America's action in Mexico has not exclusively been dictated by maudlin sentimentality, that the unpractical, though probably quite sincere, idealism of the American President and of his Secretary of State has been over-ruled by perfectly legitimate considerations of expediency and of national advantage, that the Anglo-Saxon instinct of conquest after all got the better of vague and weak humanitarian leanings.

The construction of the Panama Canal has enlarged the political horizon of the United States and has directed their eyes towards the south. It has created among many patriotic Americans the keen desire that the United States should own all the vast, wealthy, but ill-governed territories which separate the American Republic from the Isthmian Canal. The security of that great waterway would of course be much increased if the States bordering upon it on the north side were controlled by the United States. Possibly President Roosevelt acquired

the Canal Zone in the expectation that the American people would endeavor to create a territorial connection between the great Republic and the Canal Zone and thus convert an outlying possession—according to the opinion of many rigid American Constitutionallists the Republic should have no outlying possessions—into an integral part of the United States.

Before the occupation of Vera Cruz President Wilson proclaimed that he would not go to war with the Mexican people, that his object was only to avenge the insult offered to the American nation by President Huerta. At the moment when he made that declaration his aim, supposing he had a clear aim at all, was evidently to avoid a great and costly war by further aiding and strengthening the revolutionaries and by weakening at the same time President Huerta's power of resistance by a close blockade of the coast whence he draws his arms and supplies. By that policy President Wilson might conceivably have avoided war with Huerta, for the Mexican revolutionaries would have done all the fighting for him. Unfortunately President Wilson did not restrict himself to a peaceful blockade of the Mexican coast but gave orders to attack and seize Mexico's best port. As Mexican territory has been occupied by force, and as blood has been shed on both sides, the fiction that the United States are not at war with Mexico can no longer be maintained. The United States have attacked Mexico and they may before long have to reckon not only with the hostility of President Huerta and his followers but with that of all Mexico. Under these circumstances an American expedition into the interior for ousting Huerta and for protecting American lives and property will apparently be unavoidable.

General Huerta may not be a constitutionally elected President. He may

not be an ideal head of State. His personal character may have great defects. However, he gave the impression of being a capable, energetic, and fearless man and he seemed likely to be able to govern Mexico successfully. Therefore he was supported by all Mexicans who have a stake in the country and by the very large foreign community resident in it. Unfortunately no similar confidence is felt in Generals Carranza and Villa, his opponents, whom President Wilson has chosen to support. General Villa, who is in the ascendant, has proved himself a bloodthirsty scoundrel. He and his men subsist by robbery and confiscation. Wanton murder, torture, and plunder mark their path. Their policy consists in raising the propertyless Indians and half-castes against the property owners whom they despoil. In the regions controlled by them enormous robber bands arise after they have passed and the country relapses into primeval savagery. They are creating in Mexico a state of affairs similar to that which prevailed in France under the Terror. If President Huerta should be replaced by his enemies, anarchy and disorder in Mexico would become worse than ever and would force the United States to interfere.

As the American Government seems determined to oust the only man who, if left alone, seemed capable of pacifying and governing Mexico, the United States themselves will have to create order in the country. The only question is whether they will embark at once upon this task or whether they will give a trial to General Carranza and to General Villa. Such a trial might prove most disastrous to that unhappy country and it might lead to the sack of Mexico City. In any case it is clear that the United States are in front of a truly Herculean undertaking. Mexico is between six and

seven times as large as the United Kingdom and about four times as large as the German Empire. It is very thinly populated. At the same time the population of 15,000,000, of whom about 13,500,000 are Indians and half-breeds, is large enough to offer very serious resistance, especially as the country is a natural fortress. Mexico is an extremely difficult country to conquer and hold. It is a perfect wilderness of mountains, a gigantic Switzerland. Its railways, with their countless tunnels and bridges, can easily be destroyed in many places. There are scarcely any roads. The climate is unhealthy and the mortality among the natives is higher than it is in any other country which supplies mortality statistics. Large stretches of Mexico suffer from drought and from lack of water. Mexico is therefore an ideal country for guerilla warfare. The Mexicans of all parties bitterly hate the Americans, who attacked them unjustly in 1846 and deprived them of half their territory. They are devout and fanatic Roman Catholics and the influential priesthood, which opposed and overthrew the Government of the Emperor Maximilian, will scarcely view with favor the advent of the Americans, especially as the Roman Catholic Church does not flourish under American rule. The Americans will require a very large army for subduing Mexico, and they may find the Mexicans as elusive as they were found by the French in the time of Napoleon the Third. It is easy enough to take Mexico City, which by rail lies 263 miles from Vera Cruz—the Americans under General Scott seized it in the war of 1846-7—but it is almost impossible to subdue the ferocious mountaineers in their pathless and waterless mountain fastnesses in which armies starve and small numbers are overwhelmed.

It is usually estimated that the

Americans would require an army of at least 250,000 men for creating and maintaining order in Mexico. Their standing army is about 90,000 strong. It has no reserve. As a large portion of the American Regulars must be left in some of their strategically most important colonial possessions, on the Panama Canal, and in the coast fortifications, the army can safely furnish only from 30,000 to 40,000 men for an expedition. The American Militia, raised by the individual States, is 110,000 strong and is militarily of very indifferent value. For a great Mexican expedition the United States would therefore have to rely chiefly on volunteers. Unlimited numbers of volunteers can be raised of course for a popular purpose such as the defence of the country against an invader, the freeing of the slaves in the South, and the liberation of Cuba from the Spanish yoke, but the conquest of Mexico, undertaken to avenge a constructive insult not to the American flag but to the American uniform, an insult for which President Huerta has verbally apologized, will scarcely arouse great enthusiasm. The raising of a large volunteer army for use in Mexico should therefore prove extremely difficult and extremely costly. In fighting Mexico the United States will have to fight the wilderness and savage determination. The pacification of Mexico may take years and it may cost far more in lives and in money than did the Boer War. It has been suggested that the Americans may fight the Mexicans with Mexican mercenaries. That was tried without success by the French and by Emperor Maximilian in the 'sixties of last century. There are some things which money cannot buy.

Some foreign nations which do not wish well to the Anglo-Saxons will no doubt be delighted to see the United States entangled with Mexico, but all

Englishmen must view the prospect of a protracted Mexican war with great concern. If a large American army should become locked up in Mexico the United States would be greatly weakened for defence. Their fleet would have to protect the two sea-coasts of the United States, the Caribbean Sea, and the Panama Canal. In addition it would have to cover the Mexican coasts in order to prevent the landing of arms for the Mexicans and to protect the American expeditionary army. America's difficulties may be far greater than at present appears possible. The war, if protracted, may prove intensely unpopular in the United States and it may weaken their cohesion. Alexander von Humboldt prophesied nearly a century ago that Mexico would be absorbed by the United States, and that its absorption would bring about the break-up of the great Republic. A nation, the military forces of which are tied up, is always liable to experience intervention. America's difficulties might conceivably tempt one or several of the military Great Powers to offer mediation and good offices to the disadvantage of the United States. The history of the Spanish-American War might repeat itself. The European Powers might bring pressure to bear upon the United States. Under these circumstances it is clear that the United States can embark upon a comprehensive settlement of the Mexican difficulty only if they are assured of England's support in certain eventualities. As long as Great Britain rules the waves, and as long as she is determined to support the American cause, the United States need not fear a foreign attack.

To the nations which hope to increase at the cost of the Anglo-Saxon peoples Anglo-American co-operation is no doubt very objectionable. Repeated attempts have lately been made to sow distrust between Great Britain and the

United States. Assertions have appeared in the Press that the United States and Great Britain follow opposing policies in Mexico, that British and American commercial interests in that country are incompatible. The Mexican War may prove a valuable practical test of Anglo-American friendship and of Anglo-Saxon statesmanship. It may prove whether Anglo-American friendship is merely a phrase for after-dinner use or a solid and permanent factor. British and American diplomats should remember that Great Britain and the United States need and complement one another, that they are compelled to support one another for the sake of self-preservation, that the supremacy, the security, and the peace of the Anglo-Saxon race can be maintained only if the two great Anglo-Saxon nations are united in time of need.

The United States, when embarking upon their Mexican adventure, need not fear any single country. Only an attack from a combination of States is likely to prove dangerous to them, and such an attack would, of course, prove doubly dangerous at a time when the bulk of the American Army is locked up in Mexico. Besides it must not be forgotten that the United States, which formerly were an almost invulnerable continental State, have become extremely vulnerable by the acquisition of outlying possessions of great strategic and economic value, and especially by the construction of the Panama Canal, which is the key to the two ocean shores of the great Republic. Last, but not least, the United States have become more easily attackable owing to the fact that the great military nations of Europe have lately acquired very powerful fleets and that the attitude of Japan is scarcely friendly to the United States. The position of the United States has completely changed. Steam bridges dis-

tapes and facilitates attacks oversea. The United States occupy no longer that "detached and distant situation" of which Washington wrote in his Farewell Address.

Americans who recognize the vulnerability of their country, and who are acquainted with the insufficiency of their army—the entire regular army of the United States scarcely suffices to defend the harbor of San Francisco and the indispensable strategical points in its immediate neighborhood—have a vague apprehension of danger. Some believe that the United States may be attacked by Japan and some by Germany. Admiral Mahan, America's foremost naval writer, fears rather Germany than Japan, and he thinks it possible that Germany may, owing to her excellent military organization, succeed in defeating first Great Britain and then the United States. He wrote in his book *Naval Strategy*:

The important point to us here is the growing power of the German Empire, in which the efficiency of the State as an organic body is so greatly superior to that of Great Britain, and may prove to be to that of the United States. The two English-speaking countries have wealth vastly superior, each separately, to that of Germany; much more if acting together. But in neither is the efficiency of the Government for handling the resources comparable to that of Germany; and there is no apparent chance or recognized inducement for them to work together, as Germany and Austria now work in Europe. The consequence is that Germany may deal with each in succession much more effectively than either is now willing to consider; Europe being powerless to affect the issue so long as Austria stands by Germany, as she thoroughly understands that she has every motive to do.

It is this line of reasoning which shows the power of the German Navy to be a matter of prime importance to the United States. The power to control Germany does not exist in Europe,

except in the British Navy; and if social and political conditions in Great Britain develop as they now promise, the British Navy will probably decline in relative strength, so that it will not venture to withstand the German on any broad lines of policy, but only in the narrowest sense of immediate British interests. Even this condition may disappear, for it seems as if the national life of Great Britain were waning at the same time that that of Germany is waxing. The truth is, Germany, by traditions of two centuries, inherits now a system of State control, not only highly developed but with the people accustomed to it—a great element of force; and this at the time when control of the individual by the community—that is by the State—is increasingly the note of the times. Germany has in this matter a large start. Japan has much the same.

Admiral Mahan contemplates apparently only a war between Germany and Great Britain or between Germany and the United States. He strangely overlooks the possibility of an attack upon one of the Anglo-Saxon nations by a combination of military Powers.

Alliances are natural among nations which have similar or identical aims and interests. Self-preservation is the first interest and the first instinct of all nations. Consequently, their foremost need is the possession of territory sufficient for the requirements of their population. The United States, Great Britain, and Russia have vast reserves of territory situated in the Temperate Zone for their expanding population, and France has a vast reserve of territory suitable for the settlement of white men, although her population is stationary. On the other hand, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Japan are seriously overcrowded, they lack colonies situated in the Temperate Zone, and consequently the pressure of population upon the national resources in these countries is

becoming greater and more unbearable from year to year. Germany and Italy have a few colonies, but they are unsuitable for the settlement of white men. Austria-Hungary has no colonies at all, and Japan's newly acquired possessions, Korea and Formosa, are greatly overcrowded. Of the eight Great Powers of the world, four have every reason to be satisfied with their territorial possessions, while the other four have every reason to be dissatisfied. To Great Britain, the United States, Russia, and France the acquisition of new territories is a luxury, but to the Powers of the Triple Alliance and to Japan it is an urgent necessity. It is therefore quite conceivable that the four land-hungry Great Powers may some day combine and act in unison against one or the other Power which possesses far more territory than it can use and need. The Mexican war may furnish an opportunity of joint interference on the part of certain Powers unless they are aware that Great Britain will take the part of the United States as she did at the time of the Spanish-American war.

In a war for the acquisition of adequate territories the Powers of the Triple Alliance may be joined by Japan. Germany and Japan are essentially military States and they are drawn together by the similarity of their ideals, by the identity of their needs, and their common dread of Russia. The possibility of an attack by the four land-hungry military Great Powers upon Great Britain or the United States must be reckoned with, especially as the Anglo-Saxon nations invite such an attack both by the possession of all the most valuable territories and strategic positions in the world and by their complete neglect of adequate preparation for military defence.

Washington wrote in his Farewell Address "Europe has a set of primary

interests which to us have none or a very remote relation." That assertion was formerly correct but it is so no longer. Nowadays Great Britain is vitally interested in American, and the United States are equally vitally interested in European, policy. Neither can safely allow that the position of the other should become jeopardized. Both are vitally interested in the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe. Both are vitally interested in seeing the military Great Powers of the world divided against themselves. If these should combine, or if one of them should obtain the supremacy in Europe, it might mean the end not only of Great Britain but also of the United States.

When Washington wrote "Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world" the United States could stand alone. At that time a combination of military Powers possessed of powerful navies was inconceivable. Besides, formerly the United States could be attacked by no European nation except Great Britain, because all the other nations lacked ships. As the United States cannot safely meet single-handed a joint attack by the Great Powers, they must endeavor to meet a hostile combination by a counter-combination. If serious complications should arise out of the Mexican War, we must stand shoulder to shoulder with the United States, with or without a treaty of alliance. In defending the United States against a joint attack of the military Great Powers we defend ourselves. Policy should be not merely national but should be racial. Accidents have divided the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, but necessity may again bring them together. Herein lies the hope of the future. We may not approve of Mr. Wilson's policy, but we must bear in mind that he has acted with the best

intentions. America's troubles are our troubles. We cannot afford to see the United States defeated or humiliated. The present moment seems eminently favorable not only for offering to the United States our unconditional support in case of need, but for approaching them with a view to the conclusion of a carefully limited defensive alliance. Such an alliance would be the strongest guarantee for the maintenance of the world's peace. The Mexican War may have the happiest consequences upon Anglo-American rela-

tions, and it may eventually bring about an Anglo-American reunion.

J. Ellis Barker.

P.S.—Since these pages were written the leading South American States have offered their mediation, which President Wilson has accepted under the condition that President Huerta should be eliminated. Even if Huerta should patriotically step aside, the grave problem of Mexico's pacification will have to be solved by the United States.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

ROYAL VISITS TO PARIS.

Whenever France is shaken by a scandal, convulsed by a crisis, the voice of the undiscerning prophet is to be heard proclaiming the doom of the Republic. The Affair of the Decorations in President Grévy's time, the Panama Affair, the Dreyfus Affair, the Steinhell Affair, yesterday's Rochette-Caillaux-Calmette Affair; each of these delirious dramas excited the assertion that the French people, disgusted and indignant at so much political corruption, were ready and eager for the restoration of the old *régime*. True, these five scandals—and many other smaller ones—shocked, saddened, humiliated the French nation. But at no time have they caused the average Frenchman—most intelligent and reasonable of beings—to lose faith in the Republic. Invariably he has maintained that it is not the Republic that is at fault, but the Republicans behind her; emphatically he has insisted that the remedy lies not in the overthrowal, but in the *reform*, of the Republic—in the honest enforcement of the principles and doctrines of the Rights of Man. No Kings or Emperors for Twentieth-Century France! Imagine—if you can do it—Philippe, Duke of Orleans,

the handsomest, the most brilliant, the most irresistible of Pretenders: suppose Prince Victor Napoleon endowed with some of the military and administrative genius of the Petit Caporal, instead of having married and settled down in comfortable, bourgeois little Belgium: picture a modern General Boulanger on a new black charger—France would nevertheless remain true to the Republican *régime*. "Ah non, mon vieux, pas de ça," one can hear the average Frenchman disrespectfully exclaiming. "We have had you before. We know better than to try you again. Bonsoir."

Still, in spite of their confirmed Republicanism, the French people love Royalty—the Royalty of other nations. How often, outside national buildings that bear the democratic motto of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, have I heard shouts of "Vive le Roi" and "Vive la Reine," and admiring exclamations of "Il est beau" and "Elle est gentille," when a foreign monarch and his consort have visited Paris! How brilliantly has the city been adorned and illuminated: what a special shine on the helmets and breastplates of the Republican Guard, and on the boots

of the little, nervous boulevard policemen: what a constant playing of the august visitor's own national anthem! In all countries a neighboring sovereign is received cordially, elaborately. But it is in Republican France that a Royal visit is marked with the greatest pomp, circumstance, and excitement. For the fact is that France, more than any other country, loves a fête—and the arrival in Paris of a King means flags, fairy lamps, festoons of paper flowers, fireworks. (The mere ascent of a rocket, the smallest shower of "golden rain" will throw the Parisian into ecstasies.) Also it delights the Frenchman to behold the uniforms and the Stars and Orders of foreign nations—and he will stand about for hours to catch only a glimpse of the monarch. "Je l'ai vu, moi," M. le Bourgeois declares proudly: although it is probable he has discerned no more than the nose, or the ear, or the eye-brow of his Majesty. But he "salutes" the ear and the nose, he cheers the eye-brow—and the newspapers are full of the "distinction" and "graciousness" and "wit" of the visiting Sovereign. Modern French novels and plays also call attention to the homage paid by Parisians to foreign Royalty. In that brilliant comedy, "Le Roi," the mythical King of Cerdagne thus addresses a Parisienne: "Le séjour à Paris, c'est une chose qui nous délecte, nous autres pauvres rois, pauvres rois de province! On est si riant pour nous, ici! Pour aimer les rois, il n'y a vraiment plus que la France." And the lady replies, "Mais elle est sincère, sire. Elle est amoureuse de vous. Elle flirte, elle fait la coquette—elle aime ça. La France est une Parisienne." Most indisputably, France "flirts" with Foreign Royalty. Vast quantities of flowers, fresh and artificial, here, there, and everywhere. All official buildings blazing and glittering with

huge electrical devices. About ten o'clock at night—amidst what murmurs, exclamations, rapture!—fireworks on the ghost-haunted Ile de France. Then Republican and Municipal Guards massed on the Place de l'Opéra—and a dense crowd assembled to witness the arrival of his Majesty, M. le Président, MM. les Ambassadeurs, and hosts of distinguished personages for the gala performance. All Paris turns out: stout M. le Bourgeois, students from the Latin Quarter, midinettes in their best hats (I prefer them at noon, when Mdlles. Marie and Yvonne are bareheaded), workmen in their Sunday suits, small clerks in pink shirts, obscure, dim-eyed old Government officials, Apaches on their good behavior, cabmen and chauffeurs (off their boxes), conscripts with permits, conclerges hastened from their lodges in slippers, street gamins—Victor Hugo's Gavroche—with their inimitable sarcasms and repartee—all turn out to behold the Royal guest of Republican France pay his State visit to the Opera. But, what with the police and the troops and the closed carriage of the Sovereign, all these kinds and conditions of Parisians do not behold even so much as the eye-brow of his Majesty. They remain there until the performance is over—but with no happier success. Away goes the Royal carriage—without affording the crowd the view of an ear-tip, a chin, or the nape of the neck. Still, in spite of the crowd having seen nothing, what cheers! I have heard them raised for the Tsar; for the Kings of Greece, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, and Italy; for the late ruler of Portugal; for the highly popular Alfonso of Spain; for the greatest favorite of all, the idol of the Parisians—King Edward the Seventh. King Edward's State visit took place eleven years ago. The result of it twelve months later was the consummation of

the *Entente*. Thus the month of April saw Paris celebrating a "double" event: the visit of King George and Queen Mary, and the tenth anniversary of the Cordial Understanding. And it is safe to affirm that when the cheers break out afresh in honor of their Majesties, they will not fail to surpass in spontaneity and enthusiasm all the cheers of the past.

Royal visits to Paris never vary. They last four or five days, and during that brief period the foreign Sovereign, the French President, the Cabinet Ministers, the array of high State officials, the troops, the police, the Press, and the greater part of the Paris public have so much to do and to see that at the end of the whirl they cannot but confess to a condition of exhaustion. Both the Royal visitor and the President hold brilliant State banquets. Most probably there is a third banquet at the *Quai d'Orsay*. The gala at the Opera (or sometimes at the *Français*), a Military Review, an expedition to Versailles, a reception at the Hotel de Ville, a special race-meeting, presentations of Addresses: such are the traditional items in the strenuous "programme." Then, speeches to make; and since they are eminently "official" they must be carefully considered and thoroughly mastered beforehand. As, on the other score, the "official" toasts and speeches are invariably stereotyped in substance and sentiment, they cannot demand much inventiveness or exertion. They must be mutually polite and complimentary—a repetition of one another. Here, from the before-mentioned comedy "*Le Roi*," is a humorous but perfectly faithful example of a Royal and a Republican speech:—

THE FRENCH PREMIER: "Sire, je ne puis résister au désir spontané d'exprimer à Votre Majesté les sentiments dont nous sommes animés. Sa visite ne peut que resserrer les liens unissant la France et la Cerdagne, la Cerdagne

et la France. L'écho de sympathie qui vous y accueille retentira dans nos deux pays, en France comme en Cerdagne, en Cerdagne comme en France!"

THE KING OF CERDAGNE: "Monsieur le Président du Conseil, je ne puis résister au désir spontané de vous exprimer les sentiments dont je suis animé. Ma visite ne peut que resserrer les liens qui unissent la Cerdagne et la France, la France et la Cerdagne. L'écho de la sympathie qui m'y accueille retentira dans nos deux pays: en France comme en Cerdagne, en Cerdagne comme en France."

However, in spite of the polite and amusing banality of the "official" speeches, Royal visits to France can have far-reaching consequences. Eighteen years ago the arrival in Paris of the Tsar resulted in the Franco-Russian Alliance. After that, King Edward and the *Entente*; and since then the visits of the Kings of Spain and Italy have undoubtedly promoted a mutual friendly feeling between those two countries and Republican France. Then there have also taken place, during the last five or six years, odd, amazing Royal visits that have caused the punctilious French Protocol no end of *ennuis* and perplexities. Behold black-faced and burly old Sisowath, King of Cambodia, descending most indecorously upon Paris in a battered top-hat and gorgeous silken robes, and with a party of bejewelled native dancing-girls. Impossible to separate Sisowath from his monstrous top-hat (which came from heaven knows where) and his dancers: impossible, therefore, to entertain his Cambodian Majesty ceremoniously. Nor would he have tolerated State banquets, the Hotel de Ville, Versailles, the Opera. No pomp for black Sisowath. A great deal of his time he spent in going up and down lifts, and in listening to gay songs from the gramophone. When he drove through the streets, he kissed his great ebony

hands at the Parisiennes. He was—as a matter of fact—for kissing everybody: even capacious President Fallières, even sallow, petulant M. Clemenceau. As he did his embracing, he hugged his victims in his huge massive arms. Still, he was a King—and so official France had to overlook his eccentricities. As for the Parisians, they revelled in Bohemian Sisowath. Ecstatic, gay cries of “Vive le Roi” and “Vivent les Petites Danseuses”—to which his merry old Majesty responded by standing up in his carriage, and waving the disgraceful top-hat, and blowing forth more and more kisses, and shouting out messages in his own incomprehensible language. . . . Then after Sisowath, Mulai Hafid, the ex-Sultan of Morocco, who before coming to Paris passed a few days at Vichy. Nobody, however, had reason to cheer or rejoice over this Royal visitor—for his behavior was intolerable. Sisowath was expansive, affectionate, “rigolo”; Mulai Hafid was violent, insolent, offensive. He scowled at Vichy’s elegant visitors: stopped up his ears when the band played: described the actresses at the Casino as “ugly” and “odious” (they should be velled like the ladies in Morocco): cursed the French climate—“Where is your sun? What a people, what a country! I am so disgusted that I am going to bed.” Nor did Paris please Mulai Hafid better. It rained—and he was to be seen shaking his fist at the skies. Then he omitted to salute the French flag, described the French language as “grotesque,” and retired to bed through bad-temper or boredom a dozen times a day. Worse still: to a French journalist, he said, “If I had the misfortune to live in this country, I should pass the whole of the time in my bed.” Then he raged against French boots, because they pinched him; and hurled a suit of French clothes (especially made for him) out of the window—be-

cause of the buttons. “Ah non; ah mais non, c’est trop fort, c’est dégoûtant,” cried M. le Bourgeois, his patriotism rebelling against Mulai Hafid’s rude outbursts. “We have had more than enough of this savage. If he cannot appreciate France, let him take the next boat back to Morocco.”

Earlier in this paper I observed that Royal visits to Paris never “vary”—but in one respect this statement requires correction. The most delicate, the most anxious duty of the French Government is to watch over the safety of her illustrious guests. Paris, rightly or wrongly, is alleged to abound with anarchists, fanatics, and lunatics. Ask M. Gulchard, one of the chiefs of the Criminal Investigation Department—and he will tell you that a Royal visit, if a delight to the public, is a misery and a nightmare to the detective police. The extent, the depth of the misery depends upon the nationality of the monarch. Of course, no fears as to old Sisowath’s safety; and Mulai Hafid, who was nearly always in bed, caused even slighter apprehensions. The Kings of Belgium, Sweden, and Norway—well, the detective police, although watchful, “breathed” freely and slept of nights when their Majesties came to Paris. But the King of Italy—a hundred thousand precautions; the King of Spain—extraordinary vigilance, and even then a bomb fell within a few yards of the Royal carriage; the Tsar—a state of panic and siege that still haunts me after the interval of eighteen long years. Weeks before his Imperial Majesty’s arrival, Russian detectives descended upon Paris. Together with their French colleagues they searched for conspirators and bombs—even forcing their way into the rooms of the poor Russian girl students of the Latin Quarter, seizing their correspondence, subjecting them to offensive cross-examinations. Still rougher methods with the male stu-

dents, with Russian plumbers, clerks, and mechanics—many were arrested on no evidence as “revolutionaries” and imprisoned (without being allowed to communicate with their friends) until after the Imperial visitor’s departure. Often, as a result of the raids of the detective police, the poorer Russian residents in Paris were given *congé* by terrified concierges—and had to take refuge in stifling, common lodging-houses, or seek for shelter on the outskirts of Paris. Meanwhile, Paris was decking herself out with flowers and flags, rehearsing colored electrical “effects,” setting the supports for the panoramic fireworks, buying up the photographs of the Tsar of All the Russias. But it was a pale, uneasy, harassed-looking Emperor that drove through the splendidly decorated thoroughfares: it was a beautiful, but a sad-faced, Consort who accompanied him: it was cheers all the way, but it was also a detective in plain clothes at one’s elbow, more detectives in corners and doorways, still more detectives on roofs and—I dare say—up chimneys: it was festoons and illuminations and fireworks, but it was also bayonets and sabres: it was the democratic “Marseillaise” of France and the National Anthem of despotic Russia: it was “Long live the Emperor” and “Long live the Republic”—but it was an ironical, a pitiable spectacle, this Imperial guest, come on a visit to a friendly country, protected and surrounded by an illimitable, armed body-guard as though he were entering—hot Paris—but the valley of the Shadow of Death.

Numbers of Russian decorations for the Paris detective police, when the Tsar had departed in safety. Out of prison came the perfectly innocent “revolutionaries,” the Russian girls were permitted to resume their studies in the Latin Quarter . . . not the silliest little bomb had spluttered, not

a seditious cry had been raised . . . and a high police official of my acquaintance was granted by a grateful Government a prolonged holiday on increased pay. He deserved it. Dark shadows under his eyes—hectic spots in his cheeks—dyspepsia—insomnia—acute neurasthenia: such was his plight after the glorious visit to Paris of the Tsar of All the Russias. To-day, eighteen years later, my detective friend has risen to one of the highest positions at the *Sûreté*—and he can produce many a decoration or gift awarded him by foreign Royalty, and is particularly proud of a gold watch presented to him by King Edward the Seventh. The late King was so popular in Paris that he was known familiarly and affectionately as “Edouard.” Nevertheless, he was watched over by the private detective police. “Mais oui, we had even to attend to the safety of ‘Edouard’—the most admirable of Kings—he often gave me cigars—and you have already seen the gold watch,” my detective friend recently told me. “We were concerned about the Indians in Paris. Oh, nobody else would have assailed Edouard. As for the Indians, they were kept under observation day and night.” The detective was alluding to the notorious Krishnavarna, who “ran” a scurrilous little newspaper in a house off the Champs Elysées. Odd, sinister-looking Indians (I am still quoting my police friend) called frequently at the place. They remained there for hours and hours: what were they doing? But the police have their eye on them—especially closely and keenly fixed on them now that King George and Queen Mary are about to make their entrance into Paris. Also—so I am informed by the same high detective official—the police have been instructed to beware of the militant Suffragettes. Miss Christabel Pankhurst “under observation”: the comings and goings of her visitors

watched and recorded: the lady passengers on the Havre, Dieppe, and Calais steamers carefully scrutinized on their arrival:—the police actually taught to shout "Votes for Women" in order that they may promptly distinguish that cry in the event of its being uttered! Dear Paris—dear excitable, incoherent, wonderful, incomparable Paris—into what difficulties as well as delights, into what a whirl of pleasure and confusion, does a Royal visit plunge you!

But, never mind the difficulties, *tant pis* for the confusion: *vivent* the more than compensating thrills of emotion and delight. This evening, as I close this paper, Paris is once again shouting "Vive le Roi" and "Vive la Reine"—shouting herself "hoarse," so the French and English Press unanimously declare; and the decorations and illuminations of the past have been triumphantly eclipsed, and the State banquets, the reception at the Hôtel de Ville, the gala performance at the opera, the race-meeting, and the military review have surpassed in brilliancy and splendor even the golden ceremonies that solemnized the visit of the Tsar of All the Russias. Very remarkable too, the State speeches delivered by the President of the Republic and the King of England in the

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banqueting-hall of the Elysée. Both speeches, of unusual length: the old, banal, stilted phrases superseded by a note of eloquent and vigorous sincerity.

As a matter of fact, the reception of his son has excited even higher and livelier enthusiasm than did the official visit of King Edward the Seventh—because he is his son, because, since the year 1904, the *entente cordiale* has matured and strengthened. At all events, unprecedented things have happened. Until to-day, the French newspapers could scarcely contrive to publish an English word, or name, or sentence without misspelling, mangling, or otherwise distorting it. Our Prime Minister used to be "Sir Askit." Whilst our ex-Home Secretary, Mr. "Winsy Churkil," was frequently and severally described as Chief of the Police and—Prefect of the Thames. Vanished, to-day, all those inexactitudes and incoherences of recent times. Before me, almost surrounding me, spread and bulge a mass of French newspapers of all opinions. But every one of them has become "correct," impeccable in its English, and right across the top of the front page of *Gil Blas*, in gigantic characters, the familiar, cordial invitation:—

"Shake hands, King George."

John F. Macdonald.

OUR ALTY.

By M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL).

CHAPTER X.

Half-past five is not phenomenally early for a rustic population. In Alty's village, fires were lighting at this hour and folks were astir. Ploughmen were already on their way to the field, the wagons, piled high with merchandise, having started for the Liverpool market long before it was light. Grandmama Orrell was an exception to

the general rule, but, though Alty hoped to escape her vigilance, she knew that anything strange in dress or demeanor would be seen and noticed by many neighbors. So she had to set forth for her first stroll with her acknowledged lover in the garb which had already displeased his fastidiousness, and to braid her hair in its accustomed thick "pig-tail."

No one intercepted her during her rapid progress to the big sand-hill, the scene of their former meeting, where it had been arranged that Dennis should await her, and she drew breath with a gasp of relief when she reached the top. The place was solitary, and she stood for a moment scanning the prospect. The sun, not long risen, was flooding this lonely place with a radiance of which presently Dennis would appreciate the poetry, while even Alty dimly felt uplifted by the glow.

Far out was the sea, all silver, placid as a lake, save where a majestic liner ploughed its way outwards, leaving a long trail of smoke behind it in the clear air; nearer was the shore, golden, scintillating, as the searching rays touched dimples, and crevices, still wet from the receding tide. There was dew on the star-grass, dew on the dwarf-willow and wimberry bushes nearer at hand, each tiny drop sparkling like a diamond.

As Alty turned round, gazing inland, she saw the green rural prospect, dew-drenched and sparkling, also; a world that was still very quiet, though a few pastoral figures were afoot: an old man, whose white beard gleamed in the sunshine, slowly driving a herd of dairy cows to their shipten; a mowing-machine at work in a field a quarter of a mile away; Alty could see the horses nodding their heads, and lifting their great hoofs rhythmically while the driver's white shirt-sleeves flapped in the breeze. A dog was barking somewhere not very far off, and a lad was whistling; Alty had turned to the right, now, and could only see an undulating expanse of sand-hills, less high than her own, but high enough to shut out the landscape which they skirted: gray and green was their aspect, the summit of the dunes very bright where wet sand and wet grass caught the sun, and the hollows be-

tween shadowy and mysterious. From one of these hollows presently darted forth a pair of blue rock pigeons which had nested in a rabbit hole; their wings made a great clattering, their burnished breasts gleamed as they gave themselves to the breeze.

Alty was tilting back her head the better to watch the course of their flight when Dennis came bounding up the slope behind her, and paused, saluting gaily as she turned quickly towards him.

"Yo're late," remarked the girl, bending her wrist and suffering the bracelet to slide forward so that she might confront him with the watch.

"Duty, duty!" cried Dennis airily. "When a man's playing soldier he can't always be master of his own time, but we'll make it up at the other end. What a perfectly lovely morning, and how ripping you look! How jolly that bracelet looks on your wrist!"

"I was afraid it seemed a bit foolish," rejoined she. "A bracelet! It feels foony."

"I like you to feel funny, because then you can't forget me."

"I'm not like to do that," returned she, in a low voice.

"How often have you thought of me since you put it on?" he asked. "Every hour?"

"I've been asleep most of the time," returned she, "but I did dream——" Then she broke off in confusion.

"I've been dreaming, too," said Dennis, "but my dreams were waking ones. You know, Alty, I can't go away and leave you, now you have come into my life. We break up camp in a few days—do you think I can make up my mind to go away?"

"I don't know," said Alty. Her eyes were downcast, perhaps because she and Dennis were strolling forward directly facing the sun, the curved tips of her "russet" eyelashes catching each a separate point of light, a process

which much interested and delighted her lover. His arm began to steal round her waist.

"Yo' said yo' wouldn't," she exclaimed, suddenly perceiving the manœuvre, and darting away from him.

"When people walk out they nearly always do," he explained.

"Well, yo' said yo' wouldn't without I gave yo' leave."

"All right, you stony-hearted creature! I don't know now if I shall have courage to tell you what I have been dreaming during the hours which have passed since we met."

He paused for the briefest possible space and immediately resumed:

"I dreamed, Alty, that knowing I couldn't possibly live without you, I took my fate into my own hands without waiting to consult either my people or that extraordinary young woman who is coming over from America to have a look at me. It's an ignoble position for any man, to keep quiet while he is being looked at. I dreamed that I made up my mind to refuse to do it. I dreamed that I said to you, 'Alty, I could better teach you to love me if we were always together. Put your hand in mine, my girl, and let us be married without consulting anyone.' And I dreamed that you turned towards me and put out both hands and said——"

"No!" cried Alty with unmistakable decision. Then she turned towards him, gazing at him round-eyed. "I couldn't do that! I couldn't promise to get married without I axed Grandma, an' what 'ud become o' her? It's me what's keepin' her an' doin' for her."

Dennis's fine white heat of ardor was suddenly dashed.

"I don't believe you care a bit for me, Alty," he said in an offended tone, while he walked on again.

Alty walked on too, but without speaking; a lark, shooting up from be-

neath their feet, circled over their heads loudly singing.

"I think," pursued Dennis, "it may be better for both of us to part at once. Why did I ever see you—why were you brought into my life—only to wreck it? But the sooner this misery is over the better; since you don't care for me——"

"Eh, I never said that," interrupted Alty piteously: under the child's pinafore her bosom heaved with womanly sobs.

"You do care for me!" exclaimed he rapturously. "You do—you do—don't deny it."

His arm was about her, now, and this time she did not repulse him; his anger had shaken her, deprived her of her strength.

"But I can't truly leave Grandma," she murmured unsteadily; "yo' munnot be angry; 'twouldn't be right to leave her all alone, and she so owd, an' w'l' no money, w'l'out I earn it. I couldn't let her go to the Union, and I—wouldn't like yo' to be at the expense of keepin' her."

Dennis paused, discomfited by the hint, no less than by the girl's irritating persistency. Grandma had certainly not entered into his calculations. This waking dream of his had been incomplete after the manner of dreams, soaring above sordid details. He had had intangible, glamorous visions of a sudden secret marriage and an ensuing wedding trip; the subsequent unpleasantness with his parents and the young lady to whom he was semi-officially betrothed, and the no less unpleasant problem of ways and means being wisely left in the background.

And now this question of Alty's grandmother to complicate matters further! His funds might perhaps just tide over the honeymoon, but there would be certainly nothing to spare for any tiresome old woman.

He frowned, but presently smiled. "Never mind, let us make the most of the present. This is our morning; you and I, who love each other, can roam in a dream-world even if the best realities of life are forbidden to us for a time. We have four more days together, and then—Hullo, are we coming to houses?"

Round a corner of the dune peeped a little red roof, an angle of white wall, the edge of a green shutter.

"Nay, 'tis a bungalow," rejoined Alty. "It belongs to the hotel over yon. Folks comes out fro' Liverpool sometimes and lives in it, jest for a change. Two gentlemen had this one last year. Grandma an' me used to do their washin'."

"How fascinating!" exclaimed Dennis. "A bungalow—to live right out here in this lovely breezy wilderness! Oh, Alty, just think if you and I were married and had that for our little home! Let's come and look at it and pretend."

He took her by the hand and they raced together, like the children that they were, down one slippery slope and up another, and then into the hollow where the bungalow was nestling.

The compact little wooden building was deserted, but the two wandered round, presently discovering that they could obtain a fair idea of the interior by peeping through the chinks in the green shutters, and the keyhole of the main door, whence the key had been extracted.

"It's furnished!" exclaimed Dennis ecstatically. "Who does it belong to, I wonder? Oh, I wonder if I could take it for a week or two! I should just love to have it—then I needn't go away from you so soon."

"Eh, 'twould be nice," cried Alty, claspng her hands, "but I doubt yo'd find it awful lonesome," she added, as an afterthought. "'Tis a mile away from every other house."

"I should like that," said he. "I'd

hire a piano and play a lot. I dare say I should compose. Do you know I am a composer of music, Alty? I am making a song about you. I've got the germ of it in my head now; I could work it out here in this solitude."

"But who'd do for you?" inquired Alty pertinently. "Yo'd want soombry to do for yo'. There'd be the cookin' an' sweepin' an' that."

"True," rejoined Dennis meditatively. "Oh, I daresay that could be managed. I'd probably run into Liverpool for dinner—it's only a quarter of an hour by train. I might do a play afterwards."

"But who'd clean the house?" persisted practical Alty.

"Let me see," rejoined he, cogitating. "Didn't you say it belonged to the hotel? I'll get the people there to see to that sort of thing. They might send down a woman in the morning. I should only want her for an hour or so to tidy up the place and get breakfast. I could lunch at the hotel, and I should be alone the rest of the time. That would be the beauty of it. You could come and see me now and then, and hear me play. You'd like to hear me play. I can sing too. The song I'm making about you begins like this:

"*'Maiden with the deep blue eyes.'*"

He trolled a few bars in a rich baritone voice, Alty listening in admiring bewilderment.

"It goes on:

"*'In whose depths a challenge lies.'*" Your eyes do seem to challenge one at first, you know; when one gets to know you, one realizes that you don't mean it—that's one of your charms, Alty. *'In whose depths a challenge lies.'* The words are not exactly mine—I'm altering them as I go on, but the music is mine, or will be when it's finished. I say, isn't that a delightful idea? I'll see the landlord of the hotel about it to-day."

"I shan't be able to come here so very often, though," said the girl. "I've my work to do, yo' know."

"You could slip away for an hour or two sometimes, surely," returned he.

"Well, I could come at dinner-time now and again, or at six o'clock," said she, "but I have to work for Mr. Fazackerly the rest of the time. I couldn't come w/out his leave. Of course, if I come at dinner-time Grandma'll be at me."

"Hang Grandma," said Dennis, "and hang Fazackerly too! I wish I had you all to myself, Alty. Never mind, I will some day. Fazackerly's leave, indeed!"

"O' course, if he knowed yo' an' me was goin' to get wed," stammered Alty, "—he's very kind, Mr. Fazackerly is—he met let me have an hour off now an' again."

"You mustn't tell him," cried Dennis, hastily and impressively. "This is our secret, Alty—good Lord! I haven't told my own father and mother yet, and I write to 'em twice a week—I'm biding my time, you see. I want to choose the right moment for tellin' 'em. It's a very complicated affair."

"I'll not say a word to nobry until you give me leave," said Alty earnestly. "I'll not tell Grandma nor nobry. But I can't come to see yo' here so very often. Folks 'ud get talkin' if they met me allus walkin' this way on—I haven't got no business here. I reckon it 'ud be best if we was to meet at Withies Pool."

"We'll have to do that as long as I'm in camp," answered he; "but next week, when I come here, you must find some excuse."

"We might do your washin'," exclaimed Alty jubilantly. "I'd like to do your washin', an' Grandma gets up shirts beautifully—yo'd find it cheaper nor the steam-laundry."

Dennis' white teeth flashed out,

and the dunes echoed to his laughter.

"Alty! You are unique!" he cried. "Wouldn't you—wouldn't you really do it for love?"

"I would, but Grandma wouldn't," returned Alty.

"Well, any means to a desirable end," remarked Dennis. "Undertake my washing by all means. After all, you are a child of nature, and these things form part of the simple life. You shall work for me and wait on me, if you like, my sweetheart—and I will sing to you and love you."

He smiled beamingly, delighted with the contemplated division of labor.

"But I must be goin' now," exclaimed Alty, suddenly. "It must be awful late."

She consulted the watch again.

"Eh, my word, I've been here nigh upon an hour. I must run."

"Three things I ask of you," said Dennis, turning to accompany her to the top of the dune. "The first is, keep our secret."

"I did promise that," returned she, a little offended.

"But you will *really* keep it, won't you—not a word to anyone of our plans or our doings—otherwise I may find myself a ruined man."

Alty made no further sign, her red lips were pressed together, her eyes clouded.

"Your word is enough, of course," he said hastily, "I didn't mean to doubt it. Well, the second thing I want you to do is to think of me every hour if you can. You will wear my watch, though you won't tell anyone about it?"

"I said I wouldn't tell anyone," said Alty loftily, "and I don't need remindin'," she added in a softer tone.

"Adorable Alty! Now the third thing—the third thing—I asked you for it once, I stole it once—now will you let me take it of your own free will? Come, Alty, we are going to be man

and wife. I don't believe you love me one little bit—I don't believe you trust me."

"I do," said Alty.

A moment later she ran down the dune very quickly and with blazing cheeks, while the boy's tall slight figure remained stationary, his voice following her as she ran.

*"Maiden with the deep blue eyes
In whose depths a challenge lies."*

The notes floated after her even when the form of the singer had disappeared, being hidden by intervening dunes, the words themselves becoming presently indistinguishable. Echoes of these notes haunted the girl all day and would have sufficed to remind her of Dennis if his image had not already filled her thoughts.

CHAPTER XI.

Farmer Fazackerly and Keeper Prescott stood, in leisurely converse, by the hedgerow which divided Fazackerly's big wheat-field from the pasture known as Mill Hay. John had hailed Prescott with a view of imparting to him the whereabouts of certain partridges' nests; and the keeper, who was an amicable personage, had lingered to discuss with him certain topics of local interest. It was about seven o'clock, and he was just starting forth on his evening round. The level rays of the sinking sun, piercing the hedge, touched his brown beard and shining gun-barrel, while John Fazackerly, who had removed his hat, and whose flaxen locks were thus exposed to view, seemed decorated with a nimbus.

All at once rapid steps were heard approaching along the narrow track which skirted the wheat-field, and presently a girl's figure came flying over the gate a few yards behind them. Both men wheeled, but the figure after a moment's affrighted pause, fled rapidly away from them, and soon disappeared behind the opposite hedge.

"Why, that was Alty Orrell," ejaculated Fazackerly, gazing after her in surprise.

"Ah," agreed the keeper. "Took gate in fine style, didn't she?"

"Ah," admitted John, in his turn.

Keeper Prescott, glancing in the direction taken by the vanishing figure, chuckled in his beard.

"Aye, she took the gate same as a thoroughbred colt," he observed, "or filly, I should say. Ho, ho!" Composing his features, however, he gazed seriously at the farmer. "Too fine a filly to be runnin' loose, John."

John critically examined the crown of his hat, turned it over, and put it on his head.

"How's that?" he rejoined. "Yon filly, if filly it is, hasn't much chance o' runnin' loose. She's been broke to harness early." He paused to consider, with pleased surprise, the aptness of the metaphor, and then repeated: "Ah, broke to harness early."

"'Tis to be 'oped she won't kick over traces then," returned the keeper grimly.

The smile faded from John's face, and he faced the other with stern eyes.

"What's the meaning o' that?" he inquired. "Alty works at our place, early and late. She's as good a lass as ever stepped shoe-leather."

"Early and late," repeated Prescott meditatively.

Though the setting sun was behind him, he screwed up his eyes as though dazzled by the light.

"Eh, mon, not so early but what she's walkin' sand-hills afore six o'clock i' th' mornin', an' not so late but she's hidin' in plantations goin' on eight o'clock o' neets."

"Come," said John, rolling his head with a truculent air, "that's onpossible, Jim. The lass is at home doin' for her Grandma, then."

"Toosday 'twas," pursued the keeper, in his former dispassionate tone, and

keeping his eyes still screwed up: "ah, 'twas Toosday, she run past me up yon in the lonesome part of sand-hills wi' her cheeks as red as poppies and her head ducked down—lookin' like a crazy thing. An' neet afore that—yon awful windy neet, d'ye mind, I let on her crouchin' under the rosydand drums in Hart's-Tongue Wood. Eh, my word, I see'd her croodled under 'em, an' fotched her out. She tow'd me to my face she wer' hidin' fro' me."

"That was a strange thing," commented John, with a startled look.

"Ah, 'twas," agreed the keeper.

"What took her in yon wood?" pursued the farmer, cogitating with a puzzled air.

"I wonder," said the keeper.

His eyes assumed their ordinary proportions, and he looked directly at John.

"On Toosday morning," he remarked, "when I clomb biggest sand-hill I see'd a yong man walkin' off towards camp."

"A yong man!" echoed the other.

"Ah, one o' they Territorials—I could see his uniform."

"Oh," said John, with a casual air.

"Ah," remarked the keeper, "a Territorial he was, for sure. I knowed him by his uniform, ye see."

"There's a good few of 'em about," commented John, still detached.

"So there are," agreed Prescott, "I don't set mich store by 'em mysel'."

He shifted his gun, whistled to his dog, nodded to John, and moved away a step or two, then he turned, chuckling.

"Many's the wild filly as runs best i' double harness," he cried jocularly; then, without waiting for an answer, walked away.

John removed his hat, and put it on again with great deliberation, settling his head in it, as it were, to his entire satisfaction, then he too walked away,

not homewards, but in the direction of the Withlies Pool.

A little path led through the reeds to the water's edge, a newly-made path as it seemed to him; on the bank by the pool the herbage was trodden also, and, in a sheltered place, the rough grass and flowering weeds were flattened by the impress of two forms.

John gazed at them with a perturbed face, and then, following the track, emerged on the further side of the clump which screened the enclosure: over the flat expanse he gazed, shading his eyes with his hand. In the far distance he thought he could discern a retreating form clad in khaki; murmuring an ejaculation which was not of a pious order, he turned his steps towards home.

On the next morning he surprised his mother and Alty by appearing in the living-room in the middle of the forenoon.

Alty, sitting demurely by Mrs. Fazackerly's side, was patching a tablecloth; John, glancing at her sharply, noted the startled look with which she met his eye.

"Nowt wrong, I hope?" queried Mrs. Fazackerly, peering at him anxiously over her spectacles.

"Nay," rejoined he. "I nobbut want a word wi' Alty."

"Wi' me!" ejaculated Alty, turning pale.

John inwardly took note of this fact, but observed aloud in a pleasant and colloquial tone: "Eh, 'tis about yon garden. Yo' mustn't be so took up wi' your stitchin' an' mendin' as to forget garden altogether."

"Eh, my word, took up wi' her stitchin' indeed!" cried his mother, with good-natured sarcasm. "There's a deal o' that about Alty, I'm sure. Wool-gathering half her time! See yon patch—I cut it out an' matched pattern mysel' an' she's sewed it on

upside down, wi' the stalks where the roses should be."

Making a swoop at the cloth, she held it up for the confusion of the culprit.

"So I have," confessed the girl, stricken with remorse.

"Never mind, never mind," said John, good-naturedly. "Step outside an' look at flowers I've brought you! Yo' can't plant them wi' their stalks in the air, for they are growin' in pots. Yo've nowt to do but make holes an' pop 'em in, pots an' all."

Alty was on her feet now, smiling broadly with delight.

"Eh, my word, you'll be a gradely garden. I'll soon mak' holes for pots."

"Ah, 'twas a notion gettin' pots an' all," said John, following her to the door. "They wouldn't ha' flowered else, this year—'tis too late to plant 'em out, ye see. But they can be lifted when frost comes an' make a bit o' brightness for the ovd lady in here."

The old lady alluded to watched the two tall figures leave the room, looking at them sharply over the rims of her glasses; then, removing these glasses, she laughed silently to herself; finally, twisting a little in her chair, she gazed out of the window as John and Alty appeared in the garden outside. She could see them at first busy with the pots, and then pausing in their labors while they talked to each other. Their backs were towards her, and though a low murmur of voices reached her ears no words were distinguishable.

Presently, turning round again with a laugh, she took up Alty's unfinished work.

"'Tis easy seen why the lass is wool-gatherin'," she said to herself, her shoulders once more heaving with silent laughter. Then, with a more serious air: "Well, 'tis a good lass—I've nowt again it."

Meanwhile, out in the garden, John's

procedure was as follows. First he carried—two at a time—from the yard to the garden the pots which he had brought back in his spring-cart, then he assisted Alty to place them in groups, then, straightening himself while the girl, still kneeling, admired the juxtaposition of ivy geranium with cherry-ple, and musk with ox-eyed daisy, he said suddenly:

"Jim Prescott tow'd me how he lit on yo' in Hart's-Tongue Wood."

"Did he?" rejoined Alty, troubled.

"Ah, an' how he see yo' runnin' about sand-hills afore six i' th' mornin'."

The girl made no reply.

"What was yo' doin' there, Alty?"

Still Alty did not speak.

"Yesterday," resumed John, "at arter yo' coom runnin' past us, I went my ways to Withies Pool. I see'd where yo'd been settin' wi' soombry."

Still that obstinate silence. John sighed. No one knew better than he how impossible it is to make Lancashire folk speak when they have a mind to hold their peace: looking at Alty's set face, with its firm chin and compressed lips, he saw that she had made up her mind to keep her own counsel. But he made one more effort.

"Alty," he said, sinking his voice still lower, "I can scarce believe 'tis yo'."

"I can scarce believe 'tis me mysel'," said Alty, with a sudden sigh. Then she pulled herself together.

"It's reet, Mr. Fazackerly," she said quickly.

"Eh," said John, speaking rather unsteadily: "I know it's reet, lass. I know yo' are good—but if I was yo' I'd give over that mak' o' wark. Folks 'ull get talking. An' 'tisn't what Grandfeyther 'ud ha' liked." He paused—"An' 'tisn't what I like," he went on.

He had stooped so as to bring his eyes on a level with hers as she knelt

by the flower-border; but he now straightened himself, gazing away from her with something of the dispassionate air he had worn when addressing Keeper Prescott.

"There's lads an' lads," he said, "an' there's others than lads—folks as yo've knowed all your life—folks as is to be trusted. But these 'ere soldiers—they comes an' they goes, an' there's them as says they takes up wi' new sweet-hearts in every new place. I'm not saying that for to hurt yo'," he added, still looking away from her, but speaking with a new tenderness in his tone, "but I think 'tis right to warn a young lass same as yo', wi' nobry i' th' world to look arter her except one owd woman."

Though he did not glance at her, he felt that Alty had conquered her passing weakness, and cou'd picture her face set once more in mutinous lines. There was a stillness about her more ominous than resentful speech.

"I tell you fairly," he remarked, and this time with perceptible irritation, "as I'll think it my duty to warn Mrs. Orrell."

This shot told; Alty was on her feet in a moment, gazing at him with passionate indignation.

"Mestér Fazackerly, if yo' do that I'll never speak to yo' again. I'll—I'll—eh, it 'ud be a mean, nasty trick as 'ud make me fair hate yo'!"

Now it was John's turn to be discomfited; he eyed Alty with a perturbed expression: her eyes were flashing, she seemed to be already rehearsing the threatened penalty.

"I wouldn't like yo' to hate me, Alty," he said weakly. "If I did have to do it, it 'ud be nobbut for your good."

"For my good! To go carryin' tales to Grandma—worritin' her to death when she's frettin' hersel' ill, as 'tis, for Grandfeyther."

"Well, why don't yo' promise to gíve

over," said John, almost pleadingly. "Come, Alty, I'm a deal owder than yo', an' yo' can trust me to tell the truth. It'll do yo' no good to go trapesin' about wi' strange young men, early an' late, in lonesome places where there's no folks about."

Alty's face was suffused with blushes, but her eyes held his bravely.

"I have to go when I can, Mester Fazackerly. I'm workin' all day, an' I have to get dinner, too, as often as not."

"H'm," said John.

"If yo' was to let me off now and again," pursued Alty, "I could soon mak' it up to yo'—if yo' don't think it reet for me to be walkin' about the sand-hills that early or goin' to the Withies Pool comin' on dusk, I mean——"

John smiled a rather wry smile. He did not quite see why he should be called upon to abet Alty's illicit meetings with her lover at any time or place. His tone took on a certain measure of roughness as he rejoined:—

"I don't know as I howd wi' yo'r goin' wi' this chap at all. Who is the man—what's his name? What do you know about him?"

"I'm not goin' to answer no questions," said Alty with dignity; her master's resentful manner and assumption of authority had put her on her guard. Not for John Fazackerly or anyone else would she betray the secret which she shared with Dennis Royton.

"Well, I don't know as I can help yo' then," he returned harshly. "I don't know as I can keep my mouth shut neither. I doubt I'll have to tell Grandma to look out, lass."

Alty reflected: it might be best to capitulate after all. When Dennis and she were man and wife there would be no need for concealment; meanwhile, once he was installed in the bungalow, there would be washing to fetch and

return. This could be done in the broad light of day, without the necessity of taking Mrs. Orrell into her confidence. It would seem to her quite natural to perform the same office for the new tenant of the bungalow as for his predecessor.

"If you'll promise not to tell Grand-

ma, I'll promise not to go walking wi' nobry mornin's nor evenin's," she said dejectedly.

"Well, I don't want to be a spoilsport," said John in a muffled voice, as he turned away; "but yo'd best look out, my lass."

(To be continued.)

THE WORK OF MR. BELLOC.

English literature is particularly rich in prose writers whose prose has all the quality of poetry; if the lyric is the characteristic English verse-form, it is equally true that in some of our greatest prose writers the lyrical note is seldom absent for long. Bunyan, Traherne, Sir Thomas Browne, Stevenson, Meredith—to take a few names at random—all exhibit this quality in varying degrees, and it is perhaps present to some extent in every prose writer whom we feel to be characteristically English. In Mr. Hilairé Belloc it is unmistakably present, and I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that his is the best English prose of the day.

How widely read Mr. Belloc's books may be I do not know, but there is no doubt that on those who do read them they exert a very powerful influence; and the secret of this influence lies, more than in anything else, in their style. Now style is something far more than the possession of a rich vocabulary or a keen ear for rhythm and melody; it is primarily an intellectual quality. The first requisite of good style is that the writer should have a clear vision of his subject, and firmly grasp the logical interrelation of its parts. It is on this basis that the admirable styles of Macaulay, Huxley, and Mill are built. When to this is added a keen perception of the emo-

tional color of words, you get the really great styles of Newman and Ruskin. Without putting Mr. Belloc on a level with either of the latter, I venture to maintain that he combines in a higher degree than any writer of the day these two fundamental elements of distinction in style.

An author whose writing is his trade, and who is therefore forced to write quickly and for a definite purpose, is bound to produce a certain amount of inferior work; but the curious thing about Mr. Belloc is that much of his best work has been done for newspapers. If we want to see his writing at its best, we must turn, not to his deliberate historical work—good though that is—but to such a book as *Hills and the Sea*, which consists entirely of contributions to periodicals. Here we find him at the task which best suits his genius—the careful and loving record of adventures by sea and land, of places full of the memories of our race, of golden days in Sussex or the Pyrenees. In speaking of the emotion which attaches to landscape and to antiquity, of the "sacramental" quality of those material things which nourish the soul of man, his prose sometimes reaches supreme heights; and, though that level is not always maintained, there is not an essay in the book I have mentioned which does not contain descriptive

passages of an unique beauty and power. In reading Mr. Belloc we are constantly feeling the sense of what Wordsworth called "the light that never was on sea or land," of what he himself calls "the unknown country." The power to clothe that emotion in adequate words is a very rare gift in a prose writer. Let any one who doubts that Mr. Belloc possesses it consider the following passage:—

"There was brume in it and thickness. One saw the sky beyond the edge of the world getting purer as the vault rose. But right up—a belt in that empyrean—ran peak and field and needles of intense ice, remote, remote from the world. Sky beneath them and sky above them, a steadfast legion, they glittered as though with the armor of the immovable armies of Heaven. Two days' march, three days' march away, they stood up like the walls of Eden. I say it again, they stopped my breath. I had seen them.

"So little are we, we men: so much are we immersed in our muddy and immediate interests that we think, by numbers and recitals, to comprehend distance or time, or any of our limiting infinities. Here were these magnificent creatures of God, I mean the Alps, which now for the first time I saw from the height of the Jura; and because they were fifty or sixty miles away, and because they were a mile or two high, they were become something different from us others, and could strike one motionless with the awe of supernatural things. Up there in the sky, to which only clouds belong and birds and the last trembling colors of pure light, they stood fast and hard; not moving as do the things of the sky. They were as distant as the little upper clouds of summer, as fine and tenuous; but in their reflection and in their quality as it were of weapons (like spears and shields of an unknown array) they occupied

the sky with a sublime invasion: and the things proper to the sky were forgotten by me in their presence as I gazed."

This is great writing; but, after all, his first sight of the Alps is an experience that should inspire any poet, and in my opinion Mr. Belloc's most distinctive achievement—and perhaps his greatest service to his generation—is that, better than any writer of the day, he has understood and set down in words the character of England. Read *At the Sign of the Lion*¹ or *The Four Men*, and you will find that he knows Sussex as a man knows the woman he loves; but read, too, the essays "On High Places," "On the Approach to Western England," and "On London and the Houses in it,"² and you will say that he has caught the very spirit of every part of England he has visited. The essay on London is a perfect rendering of the spirit of the place; I know nothing approaching it except the conclusion of Pater's essay on Charles Lamb. The author's singling out of the association of brown stock brick and Portland stone as the most salient characteristic of London is a fine example of his insight, and so, too, is his selection of autumn as the time when London skies are at their best. His feeling for England is filled out and made richer by his intimate knowledge of her past, and in this lies his great advantage over such a man as Richard Jefferies and even over William Morris. Both of these great writers were filled with the spirit of the English landscape, but neither of them quite grasped it as a whole, because both either ignored or hated a great part of what civilization has built up. But to Mr. Belloc every spot in England is full of memories. His æsthetic appreciation of landscape or building and

¹ "The Path to Rome."

² "Hills and the Sea."

³ "On Everything."

his knowledge of their history are so subtly and intimately blended that the picture he gives you of a place or an event is quite remarkably vivid and concrete. When he is at Winchester or Canterbury, it is not merely the beauty of the architecture or the historic memories that possess him, but the spirit of the place, which is a subtle compound of both. The reason why his records of places and of travel are so interesting is that they are the reaction on certain physical impressions of a personality in which accurate knowledge, strong convictions, and the capacity for deep emotion are very intimately interfused. The result is that his pictures are particularly *concrete*—they give you not merely one aspect of a scene, but the impression it produces on his whole personality. You may disagree with his philosophy, or be out of sympathy with his likes and dislikes, but you cannot deny that a strong personality is present in every line he writes. And it is surely an admirable thing that Mr. Belloc should have used his unique literary gift so often for the purpose of reminding Englishmen of their inheritance, of showing them what a possession they have in their rivers and hills, their ancient churches and inns, and of drawing their attention to the permanent things which will outlast the present industrial phase. He has done another great service—and here his French blood comes out—in reminding us that England is part of Europe. He is continually insisting on the fact, which the disruption of Christendom at the Reformation has made us forget, that for many centuries Europe was far more of a unity in itself than was any country comprised within it; and that, in religion, morals, government, and art, there is a European tradition which it is probably unsafe for us to ignore. In all this he represents a point of view

which is none too common in this country—one, moreover, which is the outcome of wide knowledge and is held with unmistakable sincerity and conviction.

Mr. Belloc's versatility is obvious, and it is easy to make too much of it. He is essayist, historian, novelist, poet, political journalist, critic, writer of children's books, and many other things besides; and in all these spheres he has attained success. But his success in each sphere has been, in my opinion, by no means equal; and, if I were asked where the true bent of his genius lay, I should answer, without hesitation, in poetry. By this I do not mean that he is more successful in verse than in prose, but that he is, first and foremost, a poet—a man with a poet's vision of things and a lyrical gift of rare quality. The subjects on which he can bring a poet's insight to bear are those he is most successful in dealing with; and not only is much of his verse poetry of a very high order, but his prose at its best has those rhythms which are so different from those of verse, and which yet have a quality to which one can give no other name than lyrical. I have already quoted a passage which exhibits this quality in a high degree, and I cannot resist adding the following description of sunrise from the same book:—

"I have waited for the dawn a hundred times, attended by that mournful, colorless spirit which haunts the last hours of darkness; and influenced especially by the great timeless apathy that hangs round the first uncertain promise of increasing light. For there is an hour before daylight when men die, and there is nothing above the soul or around it, when even the stars fall. And this long and dreadful expectation I had thought to be worst when one was alone at sea in a small boat without wind; drifting beyond one's har-

bor in the ebb of the outer channel tide, and sogging back at the first flow on the broad, confused movement of a sea without any waves. In such lonely mornings I have watched the Owers light turning, and I have counted up my gulf of time, and wondered that moments could be so stretched out in the clueless mind. I have prayed for the morning or for a little draught of wind, and this I have thought, I say, the extreme of absorption into emptiness and longing.

"But now, on this ridge, dragging myself on to the main road, I found a deeper abyss of isolation and despairing fatigue than I had ever known, and I came near to turning eastward and imploring the hastening of light, as men pray continually without reason for things that can but come in a due order. I still went forward a little, because when I sat down my loneliness oppressed me like a misfortune; and because my feet, going painfully and slowly, yet gave a little balance and rhythm to the movement of my mind.

I heard no sound of animals or birds. I passed several fields, deserted in the half-darkness; and in some I felt the hay, but always found it wringing wet with dew, nor could I discover a good shelter from the wind that blew off the upper snow of the summits. For a little space of time there fell upon me, as I crept along the road, that shadow of sleep which numbs the mind, but it could not compel me to lie down, and I accepted it only as a partial and beneficent oblivion which covered my desolation and suffering as a thin, transparent cloud may cover an evil moon.

"Then suddenly the sky grew lighter upon every side. That cheating gloom (which I think the clouds in purgatory must reflect) lifted from the valley as though to a slow order given by some calm and good influence that was marshalling in the day. Their colors

came back to things; the trees recovered their shape, life, and trembling; here and there, on the face of the mountain opposite, the mists by their movement took part in the new life, and I thought I heard for the first time the tumbling water far below me in the ravine. That subtle barrier was drawn which marks to-day from yesterday; all the night and its despondency became the past and entered memory. The road before me, the pass on my left (my last ridge, and the entry into Tuscany), the mass of the great hills, had become mixed into the increasing light, that is, into the familiar and invigorating Present which I have always found capable of opening the doors of the future with a gesture of victory.

"My pain either left me, or I ceased to notice it, and seeing a little way before me a bank above the road, and a fine grove of sparse and dominant chestnuts, I climbed up thither and turned, standing to the east.

"There, without any warning of colors, or of the heraldry that we have in the north, the sky was a great field of pure light, and without doubt it was all woven through, as was my mind watching it, with security and gladness. Into this field, as I watched it, rose the sun."

Such a passage is evidently written with great deliberation and care, but the secret of its effect cannot be wholly discovered by analysis. It depends partly on the felicitous use of metaphor, in which Mr. Belloc excels, but there is in it also something more intangible—an instinctive feeling for those rhythms which will express a certain mood of the mind. Whenever he is writing of what he calls the "sacramental" things—of familiar landscapes, first love, the surprise of dawn, the solemnity and mystery of autumn—his style becomes perfectly attuned to his subject. Nowhere is his

touch surer than where he speaks, with restrained strength and a beautiful reticence, of the power of woman. The best examples of this are "The Letter,"* "On an Empty House" (a wonderfully delicate and penetrating piece of writing), "The Girondin," and Grizzlebeard's story in *The Four Men*.

As a writer of verse Mr. Belloc has not yet come into his own, and we must wait for his next volume before his work can be justly appraised. Those who know the little book of *Verses and Sonnets* published in 1896, will probably be inclined to say that the sonnet is the form which best suits his genius. It is at any rate admirably suited to that mood of "emotion recollected in tranquillity" which is so characteristic of him; and the sonnets are certainly the best things in that volume. But the *Verses* published in 1910 reveal other gifts of a very high order, notably a vigorous and spontaneous gift of song. The best poem in the book, "The South Country," has been well known for many years, but I make no apology for quoting one stanza of it.

But the men that live in the South
Country

Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud
surf,

And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the
Spring

When over the sea she flies;
The violets suddenly bloom at her
feet,

She blesses us with surprise.

There is a lyrical ecstasy in this which sets the heart dancing. The supremely felicitous way in which the fifth line follows unexpectedly on the fourth without a break, and the sudden rush of anapaests in the last four lines, give one that sense of joyful surprise which is the soul of spring.

* "First and Last."

* "On Everything."

The whole poem is masterly in its handling of metre, being full of unexpected irregularities which give it a character all its own. But the book is disappointingly unequal, verses which are quite ephemeral and trivial standing side by side with really fine poems like "A Bivouac," "The Leader," and "Stanzas written on Battersea Bridge." Midway between these two classes stand things like the "West Sussex Drinking Song," and "To the Balliol Men still in Africa," which display a genuine singing gift that is perhaps unequalled at the present day. Mr. Belloc, in fact, seems to have followed his own advice in "The Path to Rome," and to have got his head full of rhythms and catches, which "jumble up somehow into short songs of his own." One of his latest books, *The Four Men*, is full of admirable songs, and scattered up and down his essays are tantalizing fragments of lyrics which make you long for the rest. What, for instance, could be more promising than this (from "On a Winged Horse")?

And once atop of Lambourne Down,
towards the hill of Clere,

I saw the host of Heaven in rank and
Michael with his spear

And Turpin, out of Gascony, and
Charlemagne the lord,

And Roland of the Marches with his
hand upon his sword

For fear he should have need of it;
—and forty more beside!

And I ride; and I ride!

For you that took the all in all, the
things you left were three

A loud Voice for singing and keen
Eyes to see,

And a spouting well of Joy within
that never yet was dried!

And I ride!

If only Mr. Belloc would give us the other ten verses! On the whole, however, it must be admitted that he is more himself in prose than in verse; his touch is surer, his style at its best

* "On Nothing."

has greater individuality and dignity. My only fear is that such fine literary work as is contained in some of his essays may, through being buried amid much that is on a lower level, be overlooked or forgotten. *Hills and the Sea* is on a uniformly high level throughout, but the succeeding volumes

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have been more unequal. Now that Mr. Belloc has given up the editorship of *The Eyewitness*, it is to be hoped that there are many treasures in store for the lover of good prose and poetry. Unless the appreciation of literature dies out in this country, his work will certainly endure.

Burnell Payne.

AFTER THE DEATH OF EUCLID.

Euclid died some few years ago; he was killed at a meeting of the British Association by a blow from an engineer, and the teachers of mathematics buried him, perhaps at the time hardly realizing what they did; or it may be, some were glad to get rid of him in the hope of replacing him by a better man—thinking the opportunity would create the supply—and some, because they considered it was a practical and materialistic age, and the old man had no place in it. But now, after the lapse of some ten years, the time seems to have come to take stock, to make a balance-sheet under the new régime. What have we gained and what have we lost by the death of the Euclidian age?

Looking back upon the event, it may, at first sight, seem a matter of surprise that the old Geometer was got rid of so easily. It is worth while to note that he was not killed by one of his own pupils; it was not a mathematician who raised his hand against him, though none tried to save him. Years ago attempts had been made to get rid of him, but they always failed. This time the blow was struck at a very opportune moment: everything was ripe for a change; not only were men's nerves upset by our failure at the beginning of the Boer War, which betrayed a lack of scientific training and power of adaptability, but in addition the utilitarian spirit was much

abroad. Mechanical and electrical science were being practically applied in many new directions, and the engineers were crying out for workmen: they looked to the schools of the country to supply their need, and what did they find? The old order changing, yielding place to new. Greek had almost gone, Latin was going, and so many of the subjects which scholars laid stress upon, as being of educational value in matters of taste and style, were being ousted in favor of the "vulgar mass called work" (to use Browning's phrase). Euclid alone of the old order remained, and he must go too, because he seemed to be useless for practical purposes. It was the training of the hand and the eye which was immediately required. No man, who had been engaged in teaching for any length of time, could urge that Euclid was any training in anything for very many boys.

It was largely the fault of unqualified teachers who could not see the beauty of his simplicity, the clearness of his style, and the rigidity of his logic—the hidden value behind the outer veil. So to most learners he was but a silly and hard taskmaster, without any rhyme or reason; they learnt him—if at all—parrot-like and attached no meaning to his words; he was as the dry bones of the Prophet Ezekiel—very dry, and apparently without life. He was given up, therefore, it

seems to me, primarily for two reasons: first, he did not immediately help to supply the urgent demand of the engineers; secondly, the training which he was supposed to give was on trial found to be no training at all. These, of course, are two excellent reasons—if they are true—for giving him up as an educational subject in our schools; but the question still remains, What have we lost and what have we gained by the change?—for it is quite impossible for any subject to have been taught so long without being of some value.

In my opinion we have lost a very great deal. We have lost a great Classic, who came to us with the authority of many years' tradition behind him, who had a style which has served as a model of clearness and simplicity and exactness, rivalled by few and second to none, and which has served as a source of inspiration to many who have followed him. What could possibly be clearer, or more simple, than the system of deductive reasoning which he followed and which he taught? He started with a few simple facts; from them, step by step, little by little, he established his propositions; and how clearly he did it! There was first the statement of what he proposed to do, then the building of the scaffolding which was necessary for his work, then the doing of the work itself, and finally the definite proof that what he had set out to do had been done. To him that had eyes to see and ears to hear, it was a training in clearness of thought and statement and logical development which could not be surpassed. Unconsciously, perhaps, this training, which had gone on from generation to generation, must have exercised great influence upon the English character: it was a great thing for men to learn what a proof was and what it was not; and if many boys had not the eyes to

see nor the ears to hear, well . . . was that any reason for giving it all up, unless it could be replaced by something better?

Of course there was no educational value in learning how to bisect a given finite straight line, and in proving that it had been done, nor in constructing an equilateral triangle: nobody wanted to do these things *per se*—just as nobody wants to be vaccinated *per se*—but there was an education in recognizing that these were small, but essential, links in a chain of reasoning without which the chain would not hold together. And there are many men, who are not and never could be mathematicians, who look back to their schooldays and realize that they owe much of their success in after-life to what they learnt from those early lessons in elementary mathematics. As I write, I have before me a letter from a man whose name is a household word, and who holds at present one of the most important administrative offices in the Empire. He writes:

"I regard my work at elementary mathematics as the most salutary mental discipline I ever received, and though the knowledge is now gone, through the effort I made at school the faculty remains of a greater power of application than I should otherwise have ever developed."

These words seem to me to convey the gist of the whole matter, the recognition of the fact which I wish to emphasize—that a training in elementary mathematics has done much for the development of perseverance and effort in the national character, and has often taught men to criticize their own statements to see whether they were logically sound.

But if the direct loss has been great, what I may call the moral and indirect loss has been greater. For the sake of practical utility we gave up a great Classic, and since then it has

been so easy to give up ideals; we have allowed ourselves to get into the frame of mind towards education in which we welcome any change which tends towards immediate results, rather than ultimate training, "things done that take the eye and have the price." We are willing to teach boys what interests them rather than what is good for them; in other words, we seem to have adopted to the full the value of the lines of least resistance in intellectual matters. Mathematics owes its place in any educational system not to the fact that it is an end in itself, but because it is a part of a gradual training; and that fact we are fast allowing ourselves to forget. It is all the more easy to forget it, because we have the example of the Army and Navy before us: the schools cannot get away from it. But it is worth while to remember that the cadets at Osborne and Dartmouth are being trained with only one end in view, and that an end which requires a very special knowledge of the vast applications of mechanical and electrical science, and competence in the use of them. The candidates for the Army are also required to show skill along the special lines in which their future work is likely to be; but neither of these two professions demands that general education which we have been accustomed to look for from the schools of the country. It is no part of our business to begin to train specialists. Sir George Greenhill in his Presidential Address to the Mathematical Association some few years ago said, "Naval and Military education is entirely utilitarian." Indeed Osborne and Dartmouth, and the Army classes generally, owe their existence to the fact that the schools did not specialize enough, but that is no reason why the mathematical training in the latter should follow the lines laid down for these two professions. They

are the narrower lines; and a more valuable method, it seems to me, would have been to carry on the work on the old and wider lines, till the time came to add a superstructure of the special work required for special purposes. This would probably have been done had there not been, in England, such an ingrained contempt for intellect, and such an impatience at all delay in qualifying to enter on a profession, and an unwillingness to go beyond the prescribed routine.

So I hold that we have lost a very great deal, both directly and indirectly, by giving up Euclid; but let us now look at the other side of the balance-sheet—what have we gained?

The answer to this question lies in considering what do we now teach instead of Euclid—what has actually taken his place; we cannot reply in a single word.

In the first place, we teach geometry. At first sight this appears to be the same thing under a new name,—*"new presbyter, but old priest writ large"*—but in reality it is not so. Geometry now, for the most part, means little more than geometrical drawing; at any rate, this is the only part of the subject where any real gain has been made. We have reverted to a long ago method, for geometrical drawing was the first subject a little Greek boy was taught before he was promoted to Euclid. We, in fact, lay stress upon the training of the hand and the eye, and in this way meet to a certain extent the practical demands of the engineers. Geometrical problems of no great intrinsic interest in themselves are solved experimentally by compasses and ruler: by neat and carefully drawn figures which satisfy the eye, and apparently fulfil conditions. Formerly the solution of the same problem (if solved at all) would have been accompanied by a rough figure and a definite theoretic proof showing that it had

been done. This is typical of the whole matter, the great difference between present and past methods. The latter cared for little else than the mental effort involved in the proof.

We follow along the same lines to other than mere geometrical problems; we survey districts, draw plans, find the distances and compass-bearings of one place from another: "If Oxford is fifty-four miles N.W. of London, and Cambridge is fifty-five miles due N. of London, what is the distance and bearing of Oxford from Cambridge?"—We take observations, measure angles of elevation and so find heights of inaccessible objects such as church steeples, and mountain-tops: "What is the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, if at a place three hundred yards from it the angle of elevation of the top of its cross is forty-eight degrees?" We have in fact brought the work of the classroom away from the abstract to the concrete, and made it deal more with the actualities of life. We have shown that things in a book are not totally different from things out of it.

From all this geometrical drawing and its bearing upon practical questions, there is growing up a facility in execution and a sense of neatness and of form which formerly were absent. These are in themselves valuable; but there is something more, something which perhaps cannot be represented so easily in tangible results. It is this: in many young minds there is growing up a feeling of confidence in themselves and of their capacity to solve problems—so long at any rate (this is an important limitation) as they are dealing with concrete quantities and not abstract ideas, and may use their instruments. They see that by means of a graduated ruler, a pair of compasses and a protractor with which to measure angles, they are able to achieve much by trial, and they learn to try along the lines on which they are

being taught. This drawing has all the stimulating interest of a creative effort. Of course mistakes are frequent, and all the more because it is the empiric method which appeals to boys; they cannot prove that what they have done satisfies conditions; they see that it apparently does so, without knowing why. A proof is a totally different thing, and there is often evident a feeling of disappointment in the boy's mind that the beautiful piece of geometrical drawing produced—with accurate circles and correct lengths—is all wrong; it seems to him to be right, but appearances are deceptive. Elementary geometrical facts, too, which can be readily tested—e.g. that the three angles of a triangle always add up to 180 degrees—are well known and stated with a boldness which defies contradiction, and so are just those properties connected with figures, both plane and solid, which can be proved by measurement, and tested by ocular demonstration. In this way, and so far, the demand of the engineers has to a certain extent been met, and the abolition of Euclid justified.

In the second place, much time that was formerly occupied in learning, or trying to learn, theoretic proofs has been set free for other subjects. How many young minds were finally debarred from any further effort by their inability to cross the "*pons asinorum*"? Indeed at the very threshold of the subject this name was often a stumbling-block to any progress, even if advance had been made so far. Not long ago a boy with a fine (but I fancy unconscious) sense of humor made this memorable reply to my question: "How much Euclid have you done?" "I have got up to the first proposition many times." The time thus set free from theoretic work is used for new subjects—mechanics, trigonometry, and calculus—all treated, as far as possible, in the same practical way as

geometry. These present fresh ideas to the boys, and make them feel that in their mathematics they have a many-sided instrument which is valuable to them, and which can be brought to bear upon the solution of problems of very varying interest: the principles which underlie the making of machines, levers, pulleys, cranes; the forces, the stresses and strains, in the girders of bridges and roofs; the horse-power of engines; the range of a gun, etc.

And, in the third place, changes have been made in other elementary subjects in sympathy with the changes in geometry—in such subjects as arithmetic and algebra, which are universally taught. The parts of them which are of theoretic value only have been dropped: boys are no longer confronted with the difficulty of papering imaginary rooms, or of trying to understand money questions which involve the technical terms of the Stock Exchange; nor do they waste their energy in simplifying long and complex fractions, which have only been made up in order that they may be unmade; much manipulating of symbols has gone, conjuring with unknown quantities in order to wriggle out an answer has gone, chasing a wary and elusive x without knowing what it was worth when found has also gone. And instead of all this boys bring their instruments of precision to bear upon their work: they plot graphs of statistics, and read them easily; they construct curves showing the rise and fall of imports and exports, though it may be without much interest; they draw diagrams such as those found in the offices of any railway company, which show how time-tables are constructed, and realize how helpful they are in overcoming the difficulty involved in running special trains without interfering with the regular service.

All this seems to be very good and useful and to denote a very real gain; the gain in our imaginary balance sheet seems far to outweigh the loss; but does it? The difficulty of weighing the two sides one against the other lies in the fact that they scarcely have a common unit, in terms of which they can be compared. When we look a little below the surface it is clear that there has been a very real, if silent, revolution in elementary education so far as mathematics is concerned; it does not aim now at the same wide broadening of intellectual power, but takes its stand on a different plane altogether, and, it may be, seems to achieve more because it strives for less. If it is true "that success is naught, endeavor's all," we are in danger of winning the one and losing the other.

The real test is perhaps this. If a teacher of the past were to visit a class-room under present conditions, would he find the standard of work higher, and would he feel conscious of a keener intellectual grip among his pupils? As one who has passed through the transition period I doubt if he would; from my own experience, now going back many years, I very much doubt whether the revolution has made for intellectual improvement. Our training does not tend to make thinkers; it tries to make doers; and the phrase "I don't see it" is just as frequent as ever it was when any mathematical thought is to be followed out, or any piece of deductive reasoning to be done. Boys so often nowadays use their compasses that it is almost inconceivable that any one of them should define a circle as "one straight line which goes round and round till it meets in the centre"; but ask them to prove any simple property about it, and the number of good and correct results is no greater than before. Propositions stated in general

terms only produce, for the most part, looks of questioning astonishment. We must deal with the particular rather than with the general: it is better to say "Construct a triangle with its sides equal to two, three, and four inches in length," rather than "Construct a triangle with its sides equal to three given straight lines."

Euclid thought it worth while to prove the obvious fact that the shortest distance from one point to another is as "the crow flies"; and stated his proposition that any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third. Ask the average boy to prove this as a general theorem: he will draw a perfect figure, measure the three sides, and make it clear that the sum of any two is greater than the third: then altogether fail to understand that this is not a general proof. Ask him why the proposition is true, and he answers, "It is so, because I've measured it." Perhaps he would have done the same during the reign of Euclid, but he would have realized more fully that the truth of his assertion depended upon a general proof and have tried to think it out, rather than merely do it. Nor is it different in other subjects. Take the case of an algebraical problem the answer to which lies in solving a simple or quadratic equation; it is easy no doubt to work out the equation when it has been obtained, but the difficulty lies in the step-by-step argument which leads up to and ends in the equation, and there are no more boys to find it than in the past, and no fewer to say "I don't see."

The clever boy finds very little indeed in a popular and modern textbook on geometry to arouse his intellectual interest; to him it is child's play which bores him; but he hardly counts. Euclid was not abolished for his sake or because it failed in his case. If under the old régime we erred

in our attempt to bring all boys up to the standard of the best and allowed him, as it were, to set the pace, we are, indeed, in no danger of the same mistake now. Geometry is at once the most difficult, and the most valuable, of elementary mathematical subjects taught in a school, and if only a boy can learn "to see the next step," he advances by leaps and bounds in mental development—he feels something of that driving power of enthusiasm for his subject which adds vigor to his effort and pleasure to his achievements. No amount of measurement can take its place. Nor does measurement render easier the jump from the concrete to the abstract, from the practical to the theoretical, which must be made if a boy's mind is to be really awakened by his boyhood's education. The riders at the end of that old brown Todhunter which used to be such a stumbling-block are as much a stumbling-block as ever. Indeed no teacher nowadays would ever expect to get them done, because we do not cultivate the imagination which is required to do them. It might not be difficult to show that a decline in imaginative power implies a decline in intellectual force along the whole line. In our modern methods, with all their concrete instances, we are withdrawing from our class-rooms the inspiration of the ideal that:

"Man's work is to labor and leaven
As best he may—
It is work for work's sake that he's
needing."

It is a great mistake to suppose that mathematics deals only with hard dry facts; the very essence of its great value as a training lies in its power of developing the imagination, and without this its value is immensely diminished. If this side of the intellect is neglected, there will be wanting the imagination to conceive new developments of knowledge, to invent new

ones when old ones are inadequate, and to lay out a route through the unknown land beyond the regions of the known. The statement of the law of gravity was one of the greatest of all the achievements of the imagination.

This brings me to the last part of what I want to say. If our many and far-reaching changes have not made theoretic geometry any more effective as an instrument of general education—and in my opinion they have not—one cannot but wonder whether it is worth doing at all. I hold that it would be far better, if we are to continue along our present lines, to replace it altogether by geometrical drawing, and when that comes to an end, as it soon does, give up geometry entirely, except in the case of the few boys who are going to be mathematicians, and let the time be devoted to something quite different.

There is another reason why it seems to me that theoretic geometry is not worth the time which is being spent upon it under the existing, somewhat chaotic, conditions. I said earlier that it may be some mathematicians were glad to get rid of Euclid in the hope of replacing him by a better man, but no two of us are agreed that the better man has been found in any of the many text-books which are in circulation,—their multitude is evidence of that. There is no man of sufficient mark to be accepted by all as the standard Geometer, and his system of reasoning universally followed.

They have the same difficulty in other countries. At a recent meeting of a Mathematical Association, held in London, I heard the chairman say that the Italian Government had ordered the re-introduction of Euclid, as there was so much dissatisfaction with the books which had taken his place. Whether this is true or not, training in the development of a logical sense, as

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formerly understood, does not exist. "Any proof is accepted which appears to form part of a systematic treatment." What is a "systematic treatment?" *Quot homines tot sententie.* A boy may now go from one school to another and only find confusion worse confounded, if he changes his text-book: for he learns that there is no recognized authority, that the order which he once tried to follow in his chain of reasoning has ceased to exist, and that his former, apparently solid, foundations are now merely matters of debate. Till, then, the time arises that we can agree upon Euclid's successor, it would be better to cease to waste time in trying to teach a logic which, after all, is a very qualified logic.

Such a revolutionary change as that which has taken place during the past ten years in elementary mathematical teaching must have important results upon a wider life than mere school life. As I have said, it was a great thing for men to have to learn what proof was and what it was not, and nowhere better could it be learnt than in the school of a science which has never had to take one step backward, which has never asserted without proof, nor retracted a proved assertion. To quote the words of the late Professor Henry Smith—Savilian professor of geometry at Oxford—"I could not argue well for the enduring intellectual strength of any nation, whose education was not based on a solid foundation of mathematical learning, and whose scientific conceptions, or in other words whose notions of the world and of the things in it, were not braced and girt together with a strong framework of mathematical reasoning." This training we have now largely given up. It will be interesting to note, in after-years, whether it has made for intellectual strength or the reverse.

C. H. P. Mayo.

A WHEEL FROM FORTUNE.

For some days the family party of tinkers, encamped among tall furze-bushes at one end of the Glenkillen Valley, had anxiously considered the problem of "ould Moggy." She was called "ould" only to distinguish her from a namesake niece, being, in fact, of robust middle-age, and hitherto of very active habits. These, however, she had compulsorily relinquished since in crossing slippery stepping-stones with a cluster of tin cans she had sprained an ankle so badly that she would evidently be unable for a considerable time to do more than hobble very short distances. Hence, as they could halt but temporarily, they must either provide her with some means of conveyance or leave her in the nearest workhouse—a doleful resource. Yet it began to seem unavoidable, because the Halpins, though in possession of two donkeys, owned only one cart, always filled to overflowing and over loading by Moggy's sister-in-law, the smaller children, and the stock-in-trade. The prospect of this separation and captivity grieved Moggy to the heart: that she should be shut up away from her two brothers, and Katey and the childer, with the fine summer season just coming on, appeared a grievous fate, but no plan for averting it occurred to her. She was a simple-minded person, with no particular gifts except much good temper and good nature; so now she could only sit in regretful idleness, with an unwonted cloud on the expanse of her kindly countenance.

Meanwhile her brothers had not been remiss in their endeavors to prevent this breaking up of the party. Everybody would be at a loss for poor Moggy. Tim, who was very handy, put together the body and shafts of a sort of cart, constructed of some old

planks and bits of fences, acquired more or less honestly, but wheels there were none, and to make them was beyond his skill altogether. Dan, the bachelor, undertook several expeditions in hopes of somehow picking up a pair, or the price of them, with such imperfect success that by the eve of the day fixed for moving on again one dilapidated wheel alone had rewarded his quest. At supper-time the Halpins discussed the situation gloomily. It had been settled that very early on the morrow Dan should drive his sister over to Mercerstown Union, and, having left her there, return to join the rest in their fitting. Mention of this arrangement made Moggy's expression so downcast that Tim said apologetically: "Of all the ould gabbles! Have sinse, woman, in the name of goodness. What better could I do? Is it cocking you up atop of the ould wheel you'd have us be, and trundling you off to rowl down Tinagarry Hill, that you need look as if you'd lost a shilling and found a ha'penny?"

"'Tis a pity you couldn't find a fellow to take the one you got," Mrs. Tim took upon herself to reply, "when you have the little yoke made so grand only for wanting that."

"Half a pair of anything's half nothing," Tim averred, "and no mortal use."

"Unless you might be matching it yet," Mrs. Tim persisted, not to be put off with generalities.

"Very belike, sure enough," Tim said sarcastically, "we're apt to get the chance of picking up a one of them extry wheels the bastely motor-cars do be carrying along, in case aught would delay them when they're out for smothering people under stinking dust."

"It's well to be them," Moggy looked up from her dejection to remark,

"skyting about the roads wherever they please, lame or no, or for that matter, whether they've e'er a foot on them at all."

"Maybe it's well, then, to have the teeth shook out of your head, and the bones shook crooked in your joints," said Mrs. Tim, "for that's the way a dale of them look to be with all their tattering around. More particular them little low affairs that you hear coming thump-thump, as if they was breaking up the stones before them with wooden mallets, and that whirr! past like a thing towing after a twist of lightning. Many a time I've thought I'd scarce wonder to see the chap sitting on it falling in pieces, with the arms and legs flying off him, ere he was out of me sight. The ould ass-cart might be better after all."

"I've got ne'er a one," said Moggy.

"If we'd had another ass itself to be selling," said Tim, "we might ready enough make out a pair of wheels. But I never knew them bastes so hard to come by. You'd as aisy get a prize pig straying out of a show."

"Off a motor-car bedad!" taciturn Dan suddenly ejaculated, and fell silent again, apparently without having contributed anything of value to the discussion.

"Ah, sure, coming round by Mercerstown we'll be next month or so anyhow to see what way are you, woman alive. And by that time there mightn't be any lameness on you to spake of. So you've no call to be fretting till then," Mrs. Dan exhorted her sister-in-law encouragingly. Yet the prospect seemed to Moggy vague and comfortless, and she retired to rest disconsolate.

She thought she could have hardly fallen asleep when she was roused by Dan with an ass-cart waiting ready. To the increase of her grief at departing, he bundled her peremptorily into the vehicle, giving her no time to col-

lect the few bits of things that she wanted to take with her, not to bid the sleepers farewell, not even her favorite little Pandeen, for whom she had prepared a keepsake—a "corn-crake" pipe made of hollow stalks. Ruefully she started, supposing herself bound for Mercerstown, but her destination proved to be not nearly so distant. For Dan stopped quite close by, on the top of Tinagarry Hill. Here she abruptly alighted, at his bidding, and seated herself on the bank under a crest of roadside beeches. Then she noticed with surprise that Tim's unfinished cart lay overturned near a tree, against the silvery stem of which leaned the useless solitary wheel. "Who at all took and lugged them up to this place?" Moggy wondered.

"Meself," said Dan. "And don't you be meddling with them while I'm gone."

"Where are you off to now?" Moggy inquired uneasily.

"Laving the yoke back I am, not to have them delay quitting," said Dan.

"And what's becoming of me, that can't walk a perch?" said Moggy.

"Nothing," said Dan. "Stop where you are quiet till I'm back. I won't be too long. Some sort of a lift I'll get you, if it's only a pig-creel. . . . There'll be motor-cars going by to Lough Crum this fine day," he added, "but not for a good while. It's early yet."

Dan in fact did tolerably soon return leading the second ass, and it was a long time before anybody else appeared. During the interval his sole remark addressed to Moggy was: "Whisht." At last the remainder of his prediction began to come true, heralded by a hooting from the foot of the hill, whereupon, rising quickly, he dropped a few fragments of splintered paling into the dust beside the overset cart, and stood contemplating it with distracted mien. Presently

moaning up to the summit slid the motor-car, large, luxuriously appointed, driven by a very smart chauffeur, who slowed down at a warning notice-board, and was desired to stop on his master's observing what seemed to be the victim of an accident. "Have you come to grief?" Dan was asked in a tone of sympathetic curiosity.

"Troth have I so, your Honor," he replied. "Look at me wheels. Just gathering up some bits I was of one of them, that they mightn't be destroying anything else driving by this way."

"Hard lines!" his Honor said with sympathy more strongly accentuated.

"Sure I'm well off," Dan said resignedly, "when we didn't lose our lives all-out."

"How did it happen?" pursued the kind enquirer.

"'Twas one of them bikes-bewitched, you might call them, your Honor," said Dan, "come tearing full-tilt over the top of the hill, and caught a hold of our off-hand wheel, that just flew into smithereens, and lucky for us belike, or thrailing us down after him he'd be. For divil an atom of the fellow stopped, but off he took with himself, not so much as looking back, no more than if he was after running over a blind rat."

"Those abominable little machines," said the owner of the big car indignantly, "are a positive pest—a public nuisance. They shouldn't be allowed on the roads. It's they that are ac-

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countable for ninety-five per cent of the motor accidents.

"'Deed are they," said Dan. "If it wasn't only for laving the ass and me sister astray up here, I'd ha' legged it down to the barracks below to try could they stop him by telegraph, and get him charged with ruining me good cart on me. But he's away agin now. I wouldn't be too bad if it was anything except the wheels; patching it up I could be. I might even make an offer at mending this one. But the other's past praying for. Buying a pair I'll have to be, the first time I can put me hand on the price of them—or on the tail of a bat."

"A lovely wheel it was, to be sure," Moggy's voice piped from the back-ground. "Double the size of the one we've got." She had become dimly aware of the situation, and felt bound to assist. Her remark elicited merely a repressive scowl from Dan, his Honor being occupied with something that jingled clearly.

"Perhaps you have it there," he said, laughing, as he handed to Dan a small object on which the sunlight sparkled, "and if I fall in with your friend I'll give him a piece of my mind."

"Right enough I have it," Dan exulted, while the car hummed away out of hearing. "Plenty to set you rowling on as sound a pair of wheels as any in Ireland. Wasn't it the true word I said last night, Moggy, that we'd get a wheel off one of them motor-cars?"

Jane Barlow.

THE WRITER.

Every morning when he awoke his first thought was: How am I? For it was extremely important that he should be well, seeing that when he was not well he could neither produce what he knew he ought, nor contemplate that lack of production with

equanimity. Having discovered that he did not ache anywhere, he would say to his wife: "Are you all right?" and, while she was answering, he would think: "Yes—if I make that last chapter pass subjectively through his personality, then I had better —" and

so on. Not having heard whether his wife were all right he would get out of bed, and do that which he called "abdominal cult," for it was necessary that he should digest his food and preserve his figure, and while he was doing it he would partly think: "I am doing this well," and partly he would think: "That fellow in 'The Parnassus' is quite wrong—he simply doesn't see ——" And pausing for a moment with nothing on, and his toes level with the top of a chest of drawers, he would say to his wife: "What I think about that Parnassus fellow is that he doesn't grasp the fact that my books ——" And he would not fail to hear her answer warmly: "Of course he doesn't; he's a perfect idiot." He would then shave. This was his most creative moment, and he would soon cut himself and utter a little groan, for it would be needful now to find his special cotton wool and stop the bleeding, which was a paltry business, and not favorable to the flight of genius. And if his wife, taking advantage of the incident, said something which she had long been waiting to say, he would answer, wondering a little what it was she had said, and thinking: "There it is, I get no time for steady thought."

Having finished shaving he would bathe, and a philosophical conclusion would almost invariably come to him just before he doused himself with cold—so that he would pause, and call out through the door: "You know, I think the Supreme Principle ——" And while his wife was answering, he would resume the drowning of her words, having fortunately remembered just in time that his circulation would suffer if he did not douse himself with cold while he was still warm. He would dry himself dreamily developing that theory of the Universe, and imparting it to his wife in sentences that seldom had an end, so that it was not

necessary for her to answer them. While dressing he would stray a little, thinking: "Why can't I concentrate myself on my work; it's awful!" And if he had by any chance a button off, he would present himself rather unwillingly, feeling that it was a waste of his time. Watching her frown from sheer self-effacement over her button sewing, he would think: "She is wonderful! How can she put up with doing things for me all day long?" And he would fidget a little, feeling in his bones that the postman had already come.

He went down always thinking: "Oh! hang it; this infernal post taking up all my time!" And as he neared the breakfast room, he would quicken his pace; seeing a large pile of letters on the table, he would say, automatically, "Curse!" and his eyes would brighten. If—as seldom happened—there were not a green-colored wrapper enclosing mentions of him in the press, he would murmur: "Thank God!" and his face would fall.

It was his custom to eat feverishly, walking a good deal, and reading about himself, and when his wife tried to bring him to a sense of his disorder, he would tighten his lips about a word, and think: "I have a good deal of self-control."

He seldom commenced work before eleven, for though he always intended to, he found it practically impossible not to dictate to his wife things about himself, such as how he could not lecture here; or where he had been born; or how much he would take for this; and why he would not consider that; together with those letters which began:—

"My dear —,"

"Thanks tremendously for your letter about my book, and its valuable criticism. Of course, I think you are quite wrong. . . . You don't seem to have grasped. . . . In fact, I don't

think you ever quite do me justice. . . .

"Yours affectionately,
"——."

When his wife had copied those that might be valuable after he was dead, he would stamp the envelopes, and exclaiming, "Nearly eleven—my God!" would go somewhere where they think.

It was during those hours when he sat in a certain chair with a pen in his hand that he was able to rest from thought about himself; save, indeed, in those moments, not too frequent, when he could not help reflecting: "That's a fine page—I have seldom written anything better;" or in those moments, too frequent, when he sighed deeply, and thought: "I am not the man I was." About half-past one he would get up with the pages in his hand, and, seeking out his wife, would give them to her to read, remarking: "Here's the wretched stuff—no good at all;" and taking a position where he thought she could not see him, would do such things as did not prevent his knowing what effect the pages made on her. If the effect was good he would often feel how wonderful she was; if it was not good he had at once a chilly sensation in the pit of his stomach, and ate very little lunch.

When in the afternoons he took his walks abroad he passed great quantities of things and people without noticing, because he was thinking deeply on such questions as whether he were more of an observer, or more of an imaginative artist; whether he were properly appreciated in Germany; and particularly whether one were not in danger of thinking too much about oneself. But every now and then he would stop, and say to himself: "I really must see more of life, I really must take in more fuel;" and he would passionately fix his eyes on a cloud, or a flower, or a man walking, and there would instantly come into

his mind the thought: "I have written twenty books—ten more will make thirty—that cloud is gray;" or: "That fellow X—— is jealous of me! This flower is blue;" or: "This man is walking very—very ——. D—n 'The Morning Muff,' it always runs me down!" And he would have a sort of sore, beaten feeling, knowing that he had not observed those things as accurately as he would have wished to.

During these excursions, too, he would often reflect impersonally upon matters of the day, large questions of Art, Public Policy, and the Human Soul; and would almost instantly find that he had always thought this or that; and at once see the necessity for putting his conclusion forward in his book or in the press, phrasing it, of course, in a way that no one else could; and there would start up before him little bits of newspaper with these words on them: "No one, perhaps, save Mr. ——, could have so ably set forth the Case for Baluchistan." Or, "In the 'Daily Miracle' there is a noble letter from that eminent writer, Mr. ——, pleading against the hyperspiritualism of our age."

Very often he would say to himself, as he walked with eyes fixed on things that he did not see: "This existence is not healthy. I really must get away and take a complete holiday, and not think at all about my work, I am getting too self-centred." And he would go home and say to his wife: "Let's go to Sicily, or Spain, or somewhere. Let's get away from all this, and just live." And when she answered, "How jolly!" he would repeat, a little absently, "How jolly!" considering what would be the best arrangement for forwarding his letters. And if, as sometimes happened, they did go, he would spend almost a whole morning, living, and thinking how jolly it was to be away from everything; but towards the afternoon he would feel a sensa-

tion, as though he were a sofa that had been sat on too much, a sort of subsidence very deep within him. This would be followed in the evening by a disinclination to live; and that feeling would grow until on the third day he received his letters together with a green-colored wrapper enclosing some mentions of himself, and he would say: "Those fellows—no getting away from them!" and feel irresistibly impelled to sit down. Having done so he would take up his pen, not writing anything, indeed—because of the determination to "live," as yet not quite extinct—but comparatively easy in his mind. On the following day he would say to his wife: "I believe I can work here." And she would answer, smiling, "That's splendid"; and he would think, "She's wonderful!" and begin to write.

On other occasions, while walking the streets or about the countryside, he would suddenly be appalled at his own ignorance, and would say to himself: "I know simply nothing—I must read." And going home he would dictate to his wife the names of a number of books to be procured from the library. When they arrived he would look at them a little gravely and think: "By Jove! Have I got to read those?" and the same evening he would take one up. He would not, however, get beyond the fourth page, if it were a novel, before he would say: "Muck! He can't write!" and would feel absolutely stimulated to take up his own pen and write something that was worth reading. Sometimes, on the other hand, he would put the novel down after the third page, exclaiming: "By Jove! He can write!" And there would rise within him such a sense of dejection at his own inferiority, that he would feel simply compelled to try and see whether he really was inferior.

But if the book were not a novel he sometimes finished the first chapter be-

fore one of two feelings came over him; either, that what he had just read was what he had himself long thought—that, of course, would be when the book was a good one; or that what he had just read was not true, or at all events debatable. In each of these events he found it impossible to go on reading, but would remark to his wife: "This fellow says what I've always said"; or: "This fellow says so and so, now I say —" and he would argue the matter with her, taking both sides of the question, so as to save her all unnecessary speech.

There were times when he felt that he absolutely must hear music, and he would enter the concert hall with his wife in the pleasurable certainty that he was going to lose himself. Towards the middle of the second number, especially if it happened to be music that he liked, he would begin to nod; and presently, on waking up, would get a feeling that he really was an artist. From that moment on he was conscious of certain noises being made somewhere in his neighborhood causing a titillation of his nerves, favorable to deep and earnest thoughts about his work. On going out his wife would ask him: "Wasn't the Mozart lovely?" or, "How did you like the Strauss?" and he would answer: "Rather!" wondering a little which was which; or he would look at her out of the corner of his eye, and glance secretly at the programme to see whether he had really heard them.

He was extremely averse to being interviewed, or photographed, and all that sort of publicity, and only made exceptions in most cases, because his wife would say to him: "Oh! I think you ought;" or because he could not bear to refuse anybody anything; together, perhaps, with a sort of latent dislike of waste, deep down in his soul. When he saw the results he never failed to ejaculate: "Never again!"

No, really—never again! The whole thing is wrong and stupid!" And he would order a few copies.

For he dreaded nothing so much as the thought that he might become an egoist, and knowing the dangers of his profession, fought continually against it. Often he would complain to his wife: "I don't think of you enough." And she would smile, and say: "Don't you?" And he would feel better, having confessed his soul. Sometimes for an hour at a time he would make really heroic efforts not to answer her without having first grasped what she had said; and to check a tendency, that he sometimes feared was growing on him, to say: "What?" whether he had heard or no. In truth, he was not (as he often said) constitutionally given to small talk. Conversation that did not promise a chance of dialectic victory was hardly to his liking; so that he felt bound in sincerity to eschew it, which sometimes caused him to sit silent for "quite a while," as the Americans have phrased it. But once committed to an argument he found it difficult to leave off, having a natural, if somewhat sacred, belief in his own convictions.

His attitude to his creations was, perhaps, peculiar. He either did not mention them, or touched on them, if absolutely obliged, with a light and somewhat disparaging tongue; this did not, indeed, come from any real distrust of them, but rather from a superstitious feeling that one must not tempt Providence in the solemn things of life. If other people touched on them in the same way he had, not unnaturally, a feeling of real pain, such as comes to a man when he sees an instance of cruelty or injustice. And though something always told him that it was neither wise nor dignified to notice outrages of this order, he would mutter to his wife: "Well, I suppose it is true—I can't write"; feel-

ing, perhaps, that—if he could not with decency notice such injuries, she might. And, indeed, she did, using warmer words than even he felt justified, which was soothing.

After tea, it was his habit to sit down a second time, pen in hand; not infrequently he would spend those hours divided between the feeling that it was his duty to write something, and the feeling that it was his duty not to write anything if he had nothing to say; and he generally wrote a good deal; for deep down he was convinced that if he did not write he would gradually fade away till there would be nothing left for him to read and think about, and though he was often tempted to believe and even to tell his wife that fame was an unworthy thing, he always deferred that pleasure, afraid, perhaps, of too much happiness.

In regard to the society of his fellows he liked almost anybody, though a little impatient with those, especially authors, who took themselves too seriously; and there were just one or two that he really could not stand, they were so obviously full of jealousy, a passion of which he was naturally intolerant, and had, of course, no need to indulge in. And he would speak of them with extreme dryness—nothing more, disdaining to disparage. It was, perhaps, a weakness in him that he found it difficult to accept adverse criticism as anything but an expression of that same yellow sickness; and yet there were moments when no words would adequately convey his low opinion of his own powers. At such times he would seek out his wife and confide to her his conviction that he was a poor thing, no good at all, without a thought in his head; and while she was replying: "Rubbish! You know there's nobody to hold a candle to you," or words to that effect, he would look at her tragically, and murmur:

"Ah! you're prejudiced!" Only at such supreme moments of dejection, indeed, did he feel it a pity that he had married her, seeing how much more convincing her words would have been, if he had not.

He never read the papers till the evening, partly because he had not time, and partly because he so seldom found anything in them. This was not remarkable, for he turned their leaves quickly, pausing, indeed, naturally, if there were any mention of his name; and if his wife asked him whether he had read this or that, he would answer, "No," surprised at the funny things that seemed to interest her.

Before going up to bed he would sit and smoke. And sometimes fancies would come to him, and sometimes none. Once in a way he would look up at the stars, and think: "What a worm I am! This wonderful Infinity!

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I must get more of it—more of it into my work; more of the feeling that the whole is marvellous and great, and man a little clutch of breath and dust, an atom, a straw, a nothing!"

And a sort of exaltation would seize on him, so that he knew that if only he did get that into his work, as he wished to, as he felt at that moment that he could, he would be the greatest writer the world had ever seen, the greatest man, almost greater than he wished to be, almost too great to be mentioned in the press, greater than Infinity itself—for would he not be Infinity's creator? And suddenly he would check himself with the thought: "I must be careful—I must be careful. If I let my brain go at this time of night, I shan't write a decent word to-morrow!"

And he would drink some milk and go to bed.

John Galsworthy.

SAINTS, MYSTICS AND HEROES.

Saint, mystic, hero, idealist—each of these words bears a distinct meaning, yet we constantly use them interchangeably, and rather too mistily. This, perhaps, would not much concern us, were it not a fact that vague conceptions are apt to be incompetent and to befog spiritual issues. And the question seems to have a sharper point just now when biography has been setting before our eyes such great types of sainthood, heroism, and the rest—when, in the course of one year, Florence Nightingale, Octavia Hill, St. Vincent de Paul, have lived again in printed pages; when from our midst

has passed away the poet—the practical poet—of citizenship, Canon Barnett, or when we read the record of the less known, no less striking, Mother Mabel Digby—Mother-General of the Order of the *Sacré Cœur* through the dark days of the recent persecutions in France.

What, first of all, is a saint? A saint is an artist in holiness, one who is good for the joy he feels in goodness without ulterior aim, who forgets his own soul in his love for the souls of others. He is, if you like, a spiritual genius, the owner of inaccessible secrets of sanctity, of which he is unconscious, by which he lives. Above all, he loves good more than he hates evil. Pascal, however holy, was for this reason no saint. He dreaded sin more than he loved his brother men. He invented the omnibus for the poorer

* "Mother Mabel Digby." By Anne Pollen. (Murray. 12s. net.)

"Some Counsels of St. Vincent de Paul." Translated and selected by E. K. Sanders. (Heath, Cranton, and Onseley. 1s. net.)

"The Life of Florence Nightingale." By E. T. Cook. (Macmillan. 30s. net.)

"Life of Octavia Hill, as told in her Letters." Edited by C. Edmund Maurice. (Macmillan. 16s. net.)

of them, but he shrank from association—from the risks of love. He was happier fighting the Jesuits than in fellowship with Port Royal. The true Puritan can perhaps never be the true saint, for the power of enjoyment, the saint's enjoyment of holiness, lies at the root of saintliness, and he says "Thou shalt" before he says "Thou shalt not." It is asceticism which has proclaimed him as the enemy of the artist and so misapprehended the significance of both. Saint and artist, alike, delight in self-expression, it is the condition of their being; and to both the outward form is inseparable from the inward meaning.

A saint is necessarily a mystic, but a mystic is not necessarily a saint. A mystic—to sum up briefly—is one who lays stress upon being rather than upon doing, while a saint holds the balance between the two; he expresses being by doing, and regards the one as incomplete without the other. Being, it is true, must come first; it is the essence of holiness, and works without faith are nought. Prayer and contemplation with him become an energy—an action for others; and a life of love for mankind there must be to prove belief. A mystic, in so far as he is a mystic, feels no such necessity; the one thing needful for him is the direct communion of his spirit with God. For the rest, he may neglect his fellow-creatures—he may even be inhuman as some mystics have been. The only demand he makes is for the heights, for those peaks which in themselves encourage remoteness. The ecstasy of intercourse with the divine, the intoxication of solitude, he must have, and he must have them often—potent mystics like Plotinus and Hegel could command such conditions by force of will—but these very conditions are far from helping a return to common life, or acting as a barrier to intellectual scorn. The true mysticism implies ab-

stract intellect, the true sanctity does not. The mystic asks for light first, the saint for fire; and the highest and rarest types are those in which both elements are made one.

The hero also is a mystic; he acts by faith, he is the mystic of a moment. His crude instincts, or inarticulate aspirations, long accumulated, flash forth into full being in one electric instant, or in a lifetime of such instants. Nelson, Wellington, Marlborough had this kind of lifetime, and the instants absorbed so much of their will-power that there was not, it would seem, enough to spare for their morals outside their heroism. The moral average of a hero is often below that of an average man. For what is heroism but the consecration of impulse? And the consecration will endure only according to the faith that inspires it. In a François Xavier, a General Gordon, it is hard to divide the hero from the mystic; the two seem to be inextricably blended.

Of all these types of a high altruism one thing can equally be said: each one is an idealist; each one sees what might be in what is, and strives to realize his vision. The love of the ideal is, so to speak, the common source from which saint, hero, mystic draw their spiritual sustenance. And saint, hero, mystic are again alike in this: they care for goodness in preference to morality, often in opposition to it. To them the garden is all-important, the fence that guards it not so—that paling which each generation in turn knocks down and builds up anew, according to its especial needs. And goodness also, although it is not destroyed, is re-defined by the good men of every age. They have sought purity by many and divers ways—through asceticism and superstition, through control over Nature and through knowledge; but their fundamental object is always the same. They endeavor to

set the will free from the ego, to make human beings less selfish and more themselves, to follow after kindness and to learn love. Sincere goodness, like sincere art, is an attempt to wrest what is permanent out of the transitoriness of things.

The way to live with God is to live with ideas—not merely to think about ideals, but to do and suffer for them. Those who have to work on men and women must, above all things, have their spiritual ideal, their purpose ever present.

I believe . . . in the service of man being the service of God, the growing into a likeness with Him by love, the being one with Him in will at last, which is Heaven. I believe in the plan of Almighty Perfection to make us all perfect. And thus I believe in the Life Everlasting.

The mystical state is the essence of common sense.

These sentences, the last above all, make the epitome of Florence Nightingale's creed. And, under the heading "Drains," "the question," she wrote, "is not whether a thing is done for the State or the Church, but whether it is done with God or without God. . . ."

I care very little to express faith anywhere but in life [said Octavia Hill]. . . . God has been always pleased to build His best bridges with human piers, not angels, nor working by miracles; but He has always let us help Him, if we will, never letting our faults impede His purposes when we struggled that they should not.

The people round, and all we see and hear, leave a kind of mark on us, an impression of awe, or pity, and wonder, or sometimes love. . . . How hard it is to do justly and love mercy and walk humbly.

In God [wrote Canon Barnett] we are alive and move and have our being. . . . Through God we can therefore act on others. Prayer is work.

It is unbelief in God which makes much effort ineffective . . . not dis-

belief, but just unbelief in a Power Whose will is being done.

In each of us [we quote St. Vincent de Paul] there is a grain of the almighty power of God, and that should be a great motive for hope.

If we take a person who fixes his love on God only—a soul . . . which has soared in contemplation, and . . . limits himself to this unfailing source of satisfaction, and does not trouble himself about his neighbor; and then take another who loves God with his whole heart and for the love of God loves his neighbor also, however faulty and repulsive . . . which of these two . . . has the most perfect sort of love?

As it is the function of fire to give light and warmth, so is it the function of love to spread the sense of love.

In the pronouncements of these four great pioneers—the three modern contemporaries, the fourth, their predecessor, the creator of lay charities 250 years before them—we shall first be struck by the likeness, by the same mystical note in each. Work in God and through Him is their gospel. And thus they escape all the perils of mysticism. Like wine, mysticism is dangerous when drunk alone without food. Every sacramental thought needs both bread and wine. And to each of these four vision seemed useless without action. But further reflection reveals deep differences. In the sayings of Florence Nightingale the intellectual quality leads, the abstract mind is there; intellect also it is which is salient in the utterance of Canon Barnett. But in the words of Octavia Hill and of St. Vincent it is the heart which predominates, the personal element which inspires them. The first two make for the good of the world; the last two for the good of the individual soul. The first two are spiritually-minded reformers; the last two are saints. Not that feeling is absent from the reformers—far from it; but it is feeling sublimated by thought: the

saints also think, but their intellects are kindled by emotion. In the case of St. Vincent it is far more than this. Although he had the nature of the saint, and so the saint in him came foremost, his capability was as signal as his holiness. He was the initiator of organized charity outside the cloister—of the Sisters of Charity, bound by no convent vows—of outdoor relief, of aid to convicts, of hospital reform; he utilized the wealth and service of the women of fashion for that *Hôtel Dieu* of Paris which, from being a den of infection, became the prototype of modern institutions. He did the organizing work of a Florence Nightingale on starvation diet and under sternest discipline, yet never lost his personal touch of every human soul with which he dealt, or his large and warm indulgence for every one excepting himself. But he was an exception, and the distinction remains between the saint and the intellectual reformer. It is no mere subtlety. It means a real division between two classes of people important for the work of the world. What does that difference signify? Can we find the answer if we study these great achievers?

Among them three were creators. The fourth, Canon Barnett, was an inspirer, a source of action rather than an originator. He was an idealist, a converter of the real into the ideal, the bearer of a message. And his message was that the perfect citizen of London was no less the citizen of the unseen city of God. But the remaining three stand for concrete realities introduced by them into the world: St. Vincent for organized charity; Florence Nightingale for the modern hospital, for nursing, for Army reforms; Octavia Hill for the housing of the poor, and for her civilizing system of personal rent-collecting. Only St. Vincent was equally endowed as a saint and an organizer. Florence Nightingale was a

practical genius, a mystic, and a hero—not a saint; Octavia Hill was a saint and an inspired reformer, with remarkable practical gifts which grew from her inspiration.

Both these women had vocation in the truest sense. Miss Hill was more of the artist, swayed by form and color, compelled by love of Nature; Miss Nightingale was more of the thinker and the scientist; statistics moved her much, Nature affected her but little, and when, as rarely, art stirred her, it was for its moral import, as in her enthusiasm for Michael Angelo. Her friendship for Jowett, that of Miss Hill for Ruskin, were like symbols of the two women's natures. But the main difference between them lies in their attitude towards their fellow-creatures. Octavia Hill loved them; Florence Nightingale only loved the subjects of her kingdom—her soldiers, her nurses, her colleagues; for the rest she had a good deal of intellectual scorn—which included all those who did not suit her. The enemy she chose to fight was official stupidity, and that it not the enemy to soften contempt. "Man must create mankind," such is her own summary of her belief that through our mastery of the laws of health and social welfare we form each other, body and soul. But a creator is presumably superior to what he creates, and such a creed as hers does not foster the spirit of indulgence. She was annoyed when her staff married, and in her eyes work always came before family; she felt no need of seeing her own unless they were helping her achievement. Not that separation mattered; all great pioneers in goodness have had their call; have, at whatever cost, gone about their Father's business. Nor need we join in the charge which has been made against her, that she overdrove her laborers. Who shall blame her if she set small value on life by the side

of what we live for? But it may with truth be urged that the human love in her was not as great as her demand for efficiency.

Neither of these two great spirits could have done what she did except in her own fashion. Florence Nightingale, the more glorious, worked in the block; Octavia Hill on each separate incident, yet without losing sight of the whole—"a kind of Cecil in her sphere," as some one said of her. She did her task anywhere, constantly surprised at the sympathy she found. Florence could accomplish hers only in seclusion from all common conditions, and she complained of the dearth of sympathy, because she reckoned no one sympathetic who did not yield her his whole time and powers. She worked on a high plane above the world; Octavia in the crowd—"not," she wrote, "as one standing aloof or above, but as a fellow-worker, fellow-sufferer."

This last phrase brings us down to bed-rock. The real difference between these two is one of humility. Octavia Hill lived by it, Florence Nightingale did not, and they represent more than themselves—they are types of two orders of human being. Humility is perhaps the rarest of all qualities, hardest to capture, hardest to define. It is not self-abasement, for that imports the thought of self, and the humble man is so full of the good in others that he has no time to brood on his own imperfections. It is not modesty, for modesty is often concerned with pride—is a code of moral taste used between man and man. But humility is the attitude of man towards God, as expressed in his attitude towards his fellows. And those who stop at humility towards God alone, and thus escape all risk of contradiction, are not really humble at all. Gordon was of them, so was Florence Nightingale, so was Tolstol; they knew their distance from Heaven, but it did not

make them patient with their neighbors.

Humility is not native to Protestant countries, where reason makes for fearless freedom. Amongst Catholics it is an essential virtue—the virtue of discipline—of the Orders. Within the cloisters and outside them it is strenuously cultivated, to the destruction of the individual. This art of self-effacement it is which produces unknown heroic Superiors, Sisters, missionaries, such as Mother Mabel Digby records, nameless victims of persecution and massacre, whose condemnation to namelessness is part of their day's work; the same self-effacement that reared and sculptured the cathedrals and left no trace of who and how. But this system, which gives their chance to the average and the small, means death, or cramp, to the exceptions. No one can tell what the large-brained Mabel Digby could have been had her originality had full play, instead of being suppressed and tamed by self-laceration. The Catholic system has produced the great obscure. But it was reserved for the Protestant atmosphere to produce the stars of modern philanthropy—the individuals who needed free development—an Elizabeth Fry, a Florence Nightingale, an Octavia Hill. And we can add a Vincent de Paul only because he was greater than his system. "To fulfil nought but what charity demands and His will requires . . . to imitate our Lord in the hiddenness of His life"—this is his single-hearted aim. He was humble without knowing it, and in spite of the rules for humility that he imposed upon himself.

For it is the worst of this hothouse humility, grown by prescription, that its growth is self-conscious—arrested by investigation, weakened by puerile practices—that it centres a man upon himself. Thus it defeats its own ends, since true humility gets rid of the

mere shadow of the ego. The unprofessionally humble will even sacrifice their humility to spread an idea; they take no thought for their personal salvation. St. Vincent was big enough to be able to think of himself detachedly as a source of knowledge for his dealings with others, but for most men introspection is apt to falsify the currency. For this kind of lowliness is founded on fear—on the resolute sacrifice of the intellect, on a withdrawal from the panic of temptation, on flight instead of conquest; and no virtue founded upon negation—upon any caution or any dourness, whether preached by Law or Calvin, St. Cyran or St. Simeon Stylites—is a safe asset for the majority. It lands them in childishness. If the independent Protestant standard is apt to result in the Pharisee, the votary of rule is too often puerile, and puerility is as corroding as want of discipline.

Octavia Hill had no use for special exercises or prescribed services to the poor for the sake of her soul. She served them spontaneously for love; she was a free saint, and her hu-

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mility grew like the lilies of the field.

I would wish [she said] most lovingly to grasp the whole purpose of each life . . . to find the point, or points, as one always does, in which every one is so much greater than oneself that one bows before it in joy and cries "Thank God for it."

And:

I wish . . . I were better able to let people see what I feel. . . . Sometimes people almost make me wonder whether I love in some other poorer way than most people, after all. . . . I do so often tremble lest I should spoil all by growing despotic or narrow-minded . . . so few people tell me where I am wrong.

Florence Nightingale and Octavia Hill, both of them unhampered by any spiritual gentilities, suffered from none of the duperies or excesses of outraged Nature. Without fear and without reproach, they spent the intellects God had given them for His purposes. Both prove alike the power of faith—the power that has been proved by all mystics, by all saints, by all heroes that have been since the world began.

THE IMPRESSING OF PERKINS.

"I hope," said my friend and host, Charles, "I hope that you'll manage to be comfortable."

I looked round as much of the room as I could see from where I stood and ventured also to hope that I should.

"The tap to the right," he said, indicating the amenities, "is hot water; the left tap is cold, and the tap in the middle . . ."

"Lukewarm?" I asked.

"Soft water, for shaving and so on. But Perkins will see to it."

Some people can assume a sort of detached attitude in the early morning,

while body-servants get them up and dress them and send them downstairs, but me, I confess, these attentions overawe. "Perkins is one of those strong silent men, is he not," I asked, "who creep into one's bedroom in the morning and steal one's clothes when one isn't looking?"

Charles has no sympathy with Spartans and did not answer. "I think you'll find everything you want. There's a telephone by the bed." I said that I was not given to talking in my sleep. "Then," said he, "if you prefer to write here is the apparatus," and he pointed to a desk that would

have satisfied all the needs of a daily editor.

"Thanks," I said, looking at the attractive bed, "but I expect to be too busy in the morning even to write." I yawned comfortably. "Though it may be that I shall dictate, from where I lie, a note or two to my stenographer."

Charles doubted, with all solemnity, whether Perkins could manage shorthand, but promised to enquire about it. He's a dear solid fellow, is Charles, and he does enjoy being rich. Moreover, he means his friends to enjoy it, too. Lastly, "If you don't find everything you want," he said, "you've only to ring," and he pointed to a row of pear-shaped appendages hanging by silken cords from the cornice.

"Heavens," said I, seizing his arm, "you're never going to leave a defenceless man alone with half-a-dozen bell-pushes!"

Charles softened; he admits to a weakness for electricity. "Some are switches, some are bell-pushes, and one," he said, blushing, "is a fire-alarm."

I climbed on to a chair forthwith and tied a big knot in the cord of the fire-alarm. "We'll get that safe out of the way first," said I, and then he tutored me in the use of the others. After some repetition it was drummed into me that the one nearest the bed was the switch of the getting-into-bed light, and the next one to that the bell which rang in Perkins' upstairs quarters. The other four or five I found, when I came to study them alone, I had forgotten.

I clambered into bed and with great intelligence pressed the correct switch. Had I left it at that my problem would never have arisen.

I have, however, a confession to make which ill accords with my luxurious surroundings of the moment. It is that I am accustomed to press my trousers myself by the homely and

ignoble expedient of sleeping on them. My only excuse is that I am a heavy sleeper. So automatic is the process, that I was wrapped in sheets and darkness before it occurred to me that I had placed the trousers I had just doffed under the mattress on which I now lay. I could not help thinking how the masterful Perkins would take it when he came to look for them in the morning. I conceived him picking up my dinner-jacket here, my waistcoat there, and wandering round the room in a hopeless quest for the complement of my suit, trying to recall the events of the previous night and to remember whether I was English or Scottish . . . and then, more in sorrow than in anger, spotting the lost ones . . .

As I contemplated this picture I was moved to pity Perkins, torn asunder between two dreadful alternatives, the one of leaving the trousers there and committing a dereliction of duty, the other of removing them stealthily and committing an indelicacy. I was also moved to pity myself, lying supine under his speechless contempt. I resolved to spare us both, to get out of bed and put things right. I stretched out a hand for the switch. I grasped it with an effort. I pressed the button. No light ensued.

I pressed again . . . and again . . . with no visible result. I pressed once more, and still there was a marked absence of light. I lay back in bed and, cursing Charles, thought out his instructions. Cautiously I reached out again, pressed once more and succeeded. The continued oscillation of the second cord revealed to me what you have already guessed, that I had meanwhile rung the bell in Perkins' sleeping quarters four times.

To me the approaching climax was horrible; I could see no way of dealing with the situation shortly about to

arise. To those who have never known and feared Perkins or his like it may seem that there were at least two simple courses to pursue: to lie boldly and deny that I had rung; or to tell the truth and admit that I had made a mistake. Men like Perkins, however, are not to be fled to; still less may they be made the recipients of confessions. Methods of self-defence were therefore unthinkable, and I knew instinctively that I must assume the offensive. I must order him curtly, upon his arrival, to do something. But what? As I waited anxiously I tried to think of some service I could require at this hour. What can a man want at 1 A.M. except to go to sleep? Even the richest must do that for himself.

There were footsteps outside. . . . Perkins' . . . I thought harder than I have ever thought before, but my life seemed replete with every modern comfort.

"Yes, Sir?" said Perkins.

Punch.

"Ah, is that you, Perkins?" said I to gain time, and he said it was.

I shut my eyes and tried to think. Perkins stood silent. I had some idea of leaving it at that, or turning out the light and letting Perkins decide upon his own course of action. I was just about to do this when I had a brain wave. After all, he was paid to do the dirty work and not I.

At that moment I was anticipated.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Sir?" said the Model.

"There is," said I, in my most *négligé* voice. Kindly turn out my light."

Perkins may have been annoyed about this, but he was certainly impressed. His demeanor suggested that he had met autocrats before but never such a thorough autocrat as I. For the rest of my time there I pressed my trousers in the usual way, well knowing that he would regard the process not as the makeshift of a valetless pauper but as the eccentricity of an over-staffed multi-billionaire.

"LEADINGS."

Some of the greatest of men, notably great commanders and great religious teachers, have believed in "leadings." They have regarded the suggestion of circumstances in the light of a supernatural direction. A sense of supernatural guidance has engendered the spirit of confidence which is so nearly allied to the spirit of success. This, at least, is the rational view of their experience, and of other people's experience we can most of us take rational views. Many of us think in our heart of hearts that we ourselves have had leadings which cannot be thus rationally interpreted, which came to us from the outside and were purely personal. As a rule we do not tell them

because our friends would perhaps find them explicable. They would talk about coincidence, and we do not wish to have our leadings explained. Circumstances have opened or have closed a way before us. We have taken certain happenings for a sign, and have been right in so taking them; or words have been spoken in our hearts which had no conscious origin in our own minds, words which clinched a decision or threw sudden light upon a subject of doubt. Perhaps they put a sudden end to a period of mental tension or came as a relief after strain. We regarded them as a leading, and never cease to be thankful that we did so. With our success we got an extraordi-

nary sense of reliance, sometimes more real than comes of intellectual consent to any creed.

Unfortunately there is a different side to the picture. Circumstances so group themselves very often as to suggest fear, not confidence. They put terrors into our minds, and sap instead of augmenting our courage. The voice which warns may be as real to us as the voice of conscience, but it is far less trustworthy, and often it is not moral at all. It serves only to make the natural instinct to save one's skin assume the proportions of an inspiration. We accept the warning; nothing happens; the ship comes in, the train makes the usual dull journey in the usual number of minutes or hours. Those who decided to take whatever risk we shirked gain by it, and we look upon ourselves as ridiculous cowards. Why did we allow our imaginations to befool us?

It is undeniable that to be always looking for leadings, always listening for inner voices which shall replace our own judgment, is exceedingly weakening. On the other hand, it is very difficult to take what we may call the Providential view of life and disregard leadings altogether. The bounds of superstition have never been fixed. There is something distasteful to the average person in seeing a man purposely, and apparently for no reason but out of bravado, going against a prevalent superstition. There are times when it is necessary to do so, but it is strange how often he lives to repent it. As a rule the action, creating as it does a sense of apprehension in the minds of his friends, is more productive than destructive of superstition. At great moments in the history of the world's soul such things have been done with impunity, have, indeed, been of the nature of good deeds. It is difficult for a Protestant altogether to regret the outrages of the Reformation. Yet in these

days we should most of us, even the most Protestant among us, fear to insult the image of a saint. We should say to ourselves that it is wrong to vex or outrage the feelings of others, but we should not make a target of such an image if we had no other mark in the desert of Sahara.

It is not uncommon for certain persons, or even for certain families, to become convinced that some small actions, harmless in themselves, are for them dangerous. For instance, while a great many people can boast of their luck and their health with absolute impunity, others appear to bring misfortune upon themselves if they fall into the temptation to do it. It is odd that it should be so. It is, as it were, an idiosyncrasy of the spiritual constitution from which no deduction can be drawn. A few people cannot eat spinach or some other innocent food. It is very unkind to persuade them to try. It is equally foolish of them to try to persuade the ordinary world to give it up. We have heard that the prophet Mohammed, while he believed in leadings as long as they were positive, thought it right to neglect, as a general rule, those which occurred to him upon the negative side—i.e., he made a distinction between a warning and an inspiration. The notion is a wholesome one. It is not always easy, however, to be sure which is which.

But apart from details and from superstitions, all people are faced at times with the question as to how far they intend that there lives should be governed by leadings and how far they may go in seeking their own fortune. George Eliot described such a dilemma when she made Nancy Lammeter refuse to adopt a child:—

"To adopt a child, because children of your own had been denied you, was to try and choose your lot in spite of Providence: the adopted child, she was convinced, would never turn out well,

and would be a curse to those who had wilfully and rebelliously sought what it was clear that, for some high reason, they were better without. When you saw a thing was not meant to be, said Nancy, it was a bounden duty to leave off so much as wishing for it. And so far, perhaps, the wisest of men could scarcely make more than a verbal improvement in her principle. But the conditions under which she held it apparent that a thing was not meant to be, depended on a more peculiar mode of thinking. She would have given up making a purchase at a particular place if, on three successive times, rain, or some other cause of Heaven's sending, had formed an obstacle; and she would have anticipated a broken limb or other heavy misfortune to any one who persisted in spite of such indications."

She had far better have adopted her husband's child, but (so long as she did not know the child was his by a former marriage) she was deaf to his entreaties. She risked the happiness of three lives for what seemed to herself a conscientious scruple. She dare not open the way for herself. True, the child had turned out well up to the present moment under the care of Silas Marner. "The child may not turn out ill with the weaver," she said. "But, then, he didn't go to seek her, as we should be doing."

It is all largely a matter of temperament. Those who risk most stand to lose most. Perhaps those who never feel a leading towards adventurous action should take it that they were made incapable of success outside the level path. But they will always watch with envy the strong men who, deaf to all voices and refusing to wait till they get to where a "way may open," make across country to their end. The few arrive who thus tempt fate, but many lose themselves. For the majority the safe way of life is the other. They are not cowards who thus seek safety, but for the most part

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good people with an undue fear of self-accusation, and even of self-reproach or self-ridicule. To make a great mistake and have no one to blame for it but themselves is the fear of their lives. Now and then this fear goes to absurd lengths. They dare not build a house to suit them lest they should feel themselves responsible for the inevitable draughts and inconveniences. They would rather take an old house in which there may be obviously more to put up with, and blame a former owner or the fashion of the day.

With regard to what is usually called "doing good," we cannot but think that the old notion of following a leading is the best one. To rush into the crowd and seek some "good" to do is perhaps admirable, but it is impractical. It does not often lead to much "good." All work to be useful must be systematic, and the difficulty is to find, or rather to choose, a system on which to work. But if in this matter we accept the theory of leadings, the system is ready to our hands. We suppose it is possible that there is at the present moment enough of the means of subsistence in the world to go round if only the right method of passing it round could be invented and agreed upon. So also we do not doubt that there is enough kindness in the world to succor those who fall below the average share of happiness. The difficulty, again, is to pass it round. No better system has yet been invented than that which rests upon leadings. If everyone helped every person whom he could help, just because fate or chance or Providence had thrown him across his path, the work would be done, or nearly done. It is not quite true that if every man swept his own doorstep the street would be clean. There are empty houses in front of which the wayfarer may still stick in the mud, and must trust to the help of a knight-errant or charity to get him out.

THE BURDEN OF THE PHILIPPINES.

It is just 150 years since the Philippine archipelago was evacuated by the British force which had captured Manila in the course of the brief war which followed on Charles III's accession to the Bourbon Family Compact. Spain gave up Florida and some other American territory in exchange for the Philippines, which remained in her possession until the Treaty of Paris in 1898 handed them over to the United States. Those who are inclined to meditate on the "might-have-beens" of history may ask themselves whether it would not have been better for the Filipinos that they should have remained in our Empire and passed under the same rule which has been so conspicuously successful in India and in so many tropical dependencies, where our administrators have learned how to tame the "new-caught, sullen peoples, half-devil and half-child." But in that case the United States would have lost an invaluable object-lesson in the difficulties of Empire, nor should we have had the pleasure of reading Mr. Worcester's exceedingly able and interesting account of American administration in the Philippines. We should certainly have been sorry to lose this plain and unvarnished—yet eminently readable and inspiring—record of work begun in most unpromising conditions, continued under almost insuperable difficulties, received with ingratitude in the islands and often with unsympathetic criticism in the States, and yet resulting in what the most dispassionate observer must call a triumph for the self-sacrificing and single-minded officials, of whom Mr. Worcester himself is the most notable.

The author of this encyclopædic narrative probably has a longer and more

intimate knowledge of the Philippines and their inhabitants than any other American. He first visited those islands in 1886, when he took part in the biological expedition of Professor J. B. Steere, under whom he was studying in the University of Michigan. He returned for a longer stay in 1890, when he spent nearly three years working on the zoology of the archipelago, and familiarized himself in the course of much travel with the customs and habits of the Filipinos. The knowledge of the Philippines then possessed by the average American citizen might be illustrated by the question of a Vermont lady on his return home—"Deanle, are them Philippians you have been a visitin' the people that Paul wrote the epistle to?" When the Spanish-American War broke out, and Dewey's victory at Manila brought the Philippines within the sphere of active American interests, Mr. Worcester called on President McKinley (on his way to Europe) in order to communicate to him certain facts bearing on the situation, and was "amazed" to be rewarded with a proposal that he should return to the islands as the President's personal representative. Before he accepted this offer, the President decided to send out the first Philippine Commission, a body which was instructed to aid in "the most humane, pacific, and effective extension of authority throughout these islands, and to secure, with the least possible delay, the benefits of a wise and generous protection of life and property to the inhabitants." The members of this Commission were Admiral Dewey and General Otis, commanding the United States naval and military forces on the spot, and ex-Ambassador, Colonel Denby, President Schurman, of Cornell, and Mr. Worcester. Before the Com-

* "The Philippines Past and Present." By Dean C. Worcester. Two Volumes, with 128 Plates. (Mills and Boon. 30s. net.)

mission could begin its work, the insurrection under Aguinaldo had broken out, and the civilian Commissioners were able to do little beyond watching events and informing themselves as to local conditions.

In March, 1900, the second Philippine Commission was appointed. It consisted of five civilians, under the presidency of Mr. Taft; Mr. Worcester was the only member of the first Commission who continued to serve on the new one, of which he remained a member until his final retirement in September of last year. The first business of the second Commission was to arrange for the gradual transfer of authority from the military to civil officers. Thereafter it became the true governing body in the Philippines. On July 4, 1901, when Mr. Taft became Governor of the islands, Mr. Worcester was appointed Secretary of the Interior, and three Filipino members were added to the Commission. Thus constituted, it remained the sole legislative authority until October 16, 1907, when it became the Upper House of the new Philippine Legislature, the Lower House being an elective Assembly of 81 members. This Constitution still endures, though recently the experiment has been tried of giving the Filipinos a majority in the Upper as well as in the Lower House—an experiment which Mr. Worcester clearly regards with grave misgivings as to its effect upon the progress and prosperity of the islands.

Thus, for the first fifteen years of American rule in the Philippines, Mr. Worcester has been at the centre of affairs. He has had a hand in the enactment of all the elaborate legislation which has been put in force; he has participated in the organization and administration of civil and municipal government in the various provinces; he has been directly responsible for the establishment of sanitary and agricul-

tural services; and he has had sole administrative control of the non-Christian tribes, his special affection for whom gave ground for the only serious accusation—of neglecting the affairs of the Filipinos proper in their interests—which has been made against him, and permitted the egregious Judge Blount to speak of him as “non-Christian Worcester.” It is the story of these fifteen years of hard and unceasing labor, with the aid of the devoted colleagues and subordinates of whom he speaks with an enthusiasm that never fails to provoke the interest and admiration of the reader, which Mr. Worcester tells at length in these two invaluable volumes. No one can claim to understand the Philippine problem who has not mastered them; and even those to whom that problem is not a matter of direct urgency will be well advised to acquaint themselves with a story which may compare in interest and in importance with the finest administrative pages of our own Indian or Colonial annals, and which is the highest tribute ever paid to the efficiency with which our American kinsmen have risen to the height of what is to them an entirely new and—as we have long known from our own experience in many parts of the earth—an exceedingly arduous enterprise.

To all who know the problems presented by the Philippines when, after centuries of Spanish misgovernment or half-government, their wild, turbulent, and mixed peoples were taken over by the United States, and who can compare them with the far less complicated problems presented by many of our own Dependencies—where we have had simpler and, therefore, more tractable material to work upon—it may well seem that Mr. Worcester and his colleagues have crowded the advances towards civilization and good government, which might reasonably

be expected in a century, into less than half a generation. Mr. Worcester not only tells us what has been done, but throws a brilliant light on the way in which it has been done. He pays a high tribute to the almost prophetic insight of Mr. Kipling—whose Indian experience of course fits him so admirably to understand such a work as has been done in the Philippines—when he tells us that, on reading that wonderful poem "If—" in 1910, he recognized that our great Imperial poet had "written for these men of mine up in the hills without knowing it," and did not rest until he had sent a copy of it to each of his subordinates.

Mr. Worcester's book is not merely a narrative of good work with no thought of self in it, in which the world at large can take an admiring and even affectionate interest. It is also an appeal to his fellow-countrymen, too many of whom are still indifferent, too many misled, about the distant and unfamiliar problems of the Philippines, in which the author urges them to remember that the work done, undertaken for the physical, mental, and moral advancement of his favorite "non-Christians," has succeeded far beyond the hopes of those who initiated it, and that its results would go down like a house of cards if American con-

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trol were prematurely withdrawn. There are some unpleasant symptoms—to which Mr. Worcester alludes in various places—that a body of American opinion is in favor of retiring from the apparently costly and unproductive administration of the Philippines at the earliest possible opportunity. Not a little adverse criticism of the administration has been inspired by this policy. The best answer to such criticism is a perusal of Mr. Worcester's honest, outspoken, and most praiseworthy book. We trust that he and his silent colleagues in the islands will not be forced to submit themselves to the hardest of all the criterions of manhood stated by Mr. Kipling—

If you can bear to hear the truth
you've spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap
for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your
life to, broken

And stoop and build them up with
worn-out tools.

We cannot easily conceive that a great country which can point to such sturdy shouldering of "the white man's burden" as Mr. Worcester here depicts will so far derogate from its high administrative ideals as to abandon that burden at the bidding of self-seeking, sentimental, or indifferent politicians.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Path of Life" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is an attractive little volume of selections from the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. The compiler, the late John Curtis Ager, spent many years in translating the works of Swedenborg from the Latin in which they were written, and his aim in the present volume was to present compactly and in convenient form the essential

features of Swedenborg's religious teachings. The work was undertaken at the suggestion of the late Julian Shoemaker, of the J. B. Lippincott publishing house, and it is dedicated to his memory. The selections are arranged topically.

William J. Long is the author of a volume on "American Literature"

(Ginn & Co.) the scope and purpose of which are well defined in the subtitle,—*A Study of the Men and the Books that in the Earlier and Later Times Reflect the American Spirit.* The determining consideration, in his selection of authors and his treatment of them, is not so much their literary value as their relation to the national life and their expression of the national spirit. He divides his subject into five chapters: the first devoted to the Colonial Period, the second to the Period of the Revolution, the third to the First National or Creative Period, the fourth to the Second National or Creative Period, and the last to Some Tendencies in our Recent Literature. In each chapter, an outline is given of the history of the period, which furnishes a setting for the estimates of literary values, and the arrangement has the marked advantage of continuity of interest. The plan is substantially the same that Mr. Long followed in his earlier work on English Literature. Intended primarily for classroom use, the book makes no slight appeal also to the general reader; and nearly one hundred illustrations add both to its attractiveness and value.

Fiction having deadly jewels and mountainous gems among its machinery is not altogether unknown since the day of Scheherazade and the Borgias, as Charles Edmonds Walk must have been aware when he inserted these diverting objects into the innermost works of *"The Green Seal."* They transformed it into a very lively game, in which the players again and again find themselves the pawns of unseen powers and are forced into many unpleasant positions, but what may not happen in Tibet? The addition of a Chinese tong, and a single mock Celestial with a false queue and a bad character keep the hero in a state of active perturbation until the

happy ending and the reader, however sentimental, should be pleased with the amusement which Mr. Walk gives him. The men professionally connected with the gem, whether diamond buyers or thieves, are adepts in their professions. Comparison with Collins's *"The Moonstone"* is inevitable and Mr. Walk certainly expected it. His crowded, swiftly moving scene pleases the reader of this century much better than the simplicity of *"The Moonstone"* and the comparative slowness of its movement. But whether or not *"The Green Seal"* will enjoy the honor of an occasional edition fifty years hence who can guess? The first edition has sold well, although it lacks motor cars and electric lights and in spite of a murder or two is as decent as it is exciting. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Professor Raymond Garfield Gettell's *"Problems of Political Evolution"* (Ginn & Co.) is a broad and comprehensive discussion of the essential principles of government, and a review of the relations of the state to the individual and of the individual to the state. As the author suggests in his preface, the light-hearted and haphazard manner in which lawmaking bodies enact sweeping legislation with no apparent realization of its direct or indirect results, suggests the desirability of a more accurate knowledge of the laws of political causation and the complex nature of political evolution. It is for the purpose of supplying this knowledge and of laying the foundations for further inquiry that he has written this book; and there can be no question as to its helpfulness to those who are willing to give it serious consideration. But the discouraging feature of the existing political situation is that the average legislator is little moved by abstract considerations or by the lessons of history, but,

under the pressure of sentiment or self-interest drives ahead along the line which popular agitation marks out without regard for consequences. This is true of the state legislatures and it is hardly less true of Congress. So far as Professor Gettell's book helps to check this tendency by disseminating a knowledge of fundamentals, it will render an important public service.

Clinton Scollard's "Sprays of Shamrock" (Thomas B. Mosher) contains fifty or more lyrics which are aptly described by the title, and by the prefatory poem, which begins:

"Just a few songs of her,
Not of the wrongs of her

Many and bitter and long though
they be,—

Songs of the hills of her,
Songs of the rills of her,

Ireland, set like a gem in the sea!"

The lyrics are all true to the note thus struck. They are charged with feeling and affection and sympathy, and are so sweet and musical that they fairly sing themselves. Here is one, "Back to Killarney,"—a good companion to Denis McCarthy's "Tipperary"—which opens thus:

"Oh, it's back to Killarney, the glow
and the gleam of it,

Back to Killarney for me;

Back to Killarney, the vision and
dream of it,

Back to Killarney, my own coun-
trie!"

And here is the song of "An Exile":

"I can remember the plaint of the wind
on the moor,

Crying at dawning and crying at
shut of the day,

And the call of the gulls that is eerie
and dreary and dour,

And the sound of the surge as it
breaks on the beach of the bay.

I can remember the thatch of the cot
and the byre,

And the green of the garth just un-
der the dip of the fells,

And the low of the kine, and the settle
that stood by the fire,

And the reek of the peat, and the
redolent heathery smells.

And I long for it all though the roses
around me are red,

And the arch of the sky overhead
has bright blue for a lure,

And glad were the heart of me, glad,
if my feet could but tread

The path, as of old, that led upward
and over the moor."

The book is daintily printed, in an edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies.

Professor Rudolf Eucken's "Can We Still be Christians?" (The Macmillan Co.) puts the question which forms the title in a perfectly sincere spirit and answers it strongly in the affirmative; but it reaches this conclusion after a searching criticism and a frank rejection of some long-cherished doctrines. Professor Eucken regards as impossible the reform of existing churches, and holds that a new Christianity is indispensable, a Christianity full of moral earnestness and capable of satisfying present-day needs. The spirit of the time, he urges, demands to-day "a rejuvenation of the religious life, in which new wine shall no longer be poured into old wineskins. It makes this demand not directly on behalf of religion nor with any great parade of religion, but rather out of concern for the salvation of the spiritual life of humanity." While Professor Eucken's inquiry and the process of philosophic reasoning which leads him to his conclusion are expressed in general terms, it is to be borne in mind that his point of view is distinctly German, and that he limits his inquiry into the possibility of reform in existing churches—as he is at pains to indicate on page 196—to the churches with which Germans and western Europeans are chiefly concerned, namely, State churches. His

reference to the Jatho case, on page 215, is further proof of this limitation. The book is clearly and vigorously written. The translation, by Lucy Judge Gibson, is extremely well done.

One does not need to read far in Miss Amanda M. Douglas's "The Red-House Children's Vacation" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) without comprehending the spell which Miss Douglas has so long exercised upon young readers. It is a very old-fashioned family of no less than eight brothers and sisters who figure in this story and the two which have preceded it. To individualize such a group, and to make the separate members of it seem at all real to the reader required no little skill, but Miss Douglas succeeds in doing it. It was a happy summer which the children spent, with many pleasant experiences; and the story is natural, sunny and wholesome, with no dull chapters. There are six illustrations by Louise Wyman.

Everything happens by chance in Mr. Rowland Thomas's "Felicidad," but the chance is always tenderly guided by Don Feliciano, Spanish gentleman, Quixotic in courtesy and making the empty phrases of Spanish etiquette seem real by his daily practice of their spirit. Once upon a time an unaccredited stranger comes to the island, wherein Felicidad fills a tiny valley sheltering a village full of happy folk all liegemen or goddaughters of Don Feliciano. They have a "King," it is true, a cayman who collects his tribute wherever he can find it and is about to make off with their prettiest maiden as she stands helpless in the wet sand under the high window of the newcomer's lodging, but the stranger interferes. The result is the same as in the ancient case of Perseus and Adromeda and there an end. But it is not for this that Mr. Thomas's

book is written, but for the sake of exhibiting Don Feliciano in his beautiful relations with his entire world. A sly woman is more interesting than a sweet woman to most persons, but Mr. Thomas is successful in making goodness agreeable in his lightly sketched heroine, and strongly attractive in the courtly lord of "Felicidad." The fate of the "King" is a warning to tyrants and the future awarded to Don Feliciano is exactly what he desires. "Felicidad" is as gay and pretty a story as one could desire to read on a summer's day. Little, Brown & Co.

Frank L. Packard, author of "The Miracle Man," has the gift of graphic writing. Indeed, so realistic is his opening chapter where we glimpse New York's real "underworld" and make the acquaintance of a gang of thorough-going crooks, that he seems almost to err on the side of sensationalism. The underlying principle of the novel, however, is sound ethically, and the story is original. This band of unscrupulous seekers after "easy money" hear of a venerable man in a Maine village who is accomplishing some wonderful faith cures. They resolve to appear one by one and become cured of various ailments which they will manufacture, and after the miracles which occur, to transform the town into a shrine for wealthy sufferers and make the "Patriarch" a mine of gold for themselves. One of the number possesses the talent of dislocating every joint in his body; he plans to appear in this pitiable condition, and then straighten out as if cured by magic. When the real miracle appears as something very different from their planning, it is as much a surprise to the reader as to the schemers, and this is much to the credit of the author. George H. Doran Company.